

PHILOTAS.
~~PH~~ A 2
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

By PHILIP FROWDE, Esq;

Virtutem immodicam, & generosæ incendia mentis.
ADDISON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan's Head*,
over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.

M D C C X X X I.

PHI





TO HIS
EXCELLENCY
PHILIP,
Earl of Chesterfield,
Ambassador Extraordinary
to the STATES-GENERAL,
Ec. Ec. Ec.



DEDICATION to your Excellency is, I am sensible, a Work of so delicate Nature, that I am under the strongest Apprehensions while I venture on the Province.

vince. Should I address you, My Lord, in the usual Forms, and pay you those Compliments, as justly applicable to one Great Man as another, I should fall very far short of what I would say: And to attempt in Description those many rare Perfections, and most amiable Virtues so peculiar in My Lord CHESTERFIELD, would be to displease him; the only Person on Earth who would not be delighted to hear them.

WHEN your Excellency's Name shall appear prefixed to this Address, it will naturally be expected as the Introduction of Something into the World, which your Lordship might think was not without Merit: Be it therefore, with your Permission, my Pride to say, Your private Approbation of this TRAGEDY, above a Year ago, gave me at that Time Courage enough to implore the Patronage, which your great good Nature disposed you to grant.

Dedication.

v

MAY I flatter myself, that your Excellency, at the Distance you are, may have some little Curiosity to know what was the Fate of this Play? Permit me, My Lord, on this Presumption, to tell you, it was very particular: And, I hope, it shall not be imputed as Vanity to me, when I explain my Meaning in an Expression of *Juvenal*, *Laudatur & Alget*; but from what Foundation this Misfortune attended it, I shall not presume to account.

UPON this Occasion I cannot help lamenting to your Lordship, that the Interest of my Country, and the Support of *Philotas*, were render'd incompatible at this Juncture; and Nothing but the Knowledge of your being so worthily employed in the Service of the former, could be able to compensate for the Loss which I feel from the Want of your Presence to the latter: But all private Views must vanish, when that Glorious One of the Publick Welfare appears.

THAT

THAT single Consideration naturally calls upon me no longer to trespass on your Excellency's Minutes, when I have first begg'd Leave to return my most humble and sincere Thanks for your Favours conferred on me; and assured your Lordship, that, in this my plain and homely Epistle, I have strictly kept in my Thoughts those elegant Words of *Pliny*; *Tantum absit ab Adulationis specie Gratiarum Actio mea, quantum abest à Necessitate.* I am,

My LORD,

Your Excellency's

Most Obedient, and

Devoted humble Servant,

PHILIP FROWDE.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoke by Mr. QUIN.

SUCH is the Case in these censorious Times,
Writing is rank'd amongst enormous Crimes;
Criticks, the Plaintiffs, prosecute with Fury,
Bays is the Culprit, and the Pit his Fury:
Should you be pack'd, to frustrate all Defence,
Should go by Whim, and not by Evidence;
Who then shall vouch the Poet's Reputation?
Wits, one and all, will vote for his Damnation.
He would decline a Trial by his Peers,
For Wits and Criticks both alike he fears;
Challenging, these he's willing to submit;
To you his Country pannell'd in the Pit.
If past Behaviour may your Pity sway,
His Crimes amount yet but to One poor Play;
He's not an old Offender in this Way.

}

You Prosecutors move to try the Cause
By old Athenian, abrogated Laws;
Which in those Days were proper for their Stage,
But Things are chang'd in this politer Age.
The Publick then espous'd the Poet's Fate,
For writing well was Service to the State.
Thus would you Poets, like Athenians, treat,
You might expect to find Athenian Wit;
But Laws with Customs should grow obsolete.

}

Our Bard from moving Passion seeks Applause;
Your Hearts be Judge, while Nature gives the Laws.
His Tale, at least, from Grecian Stores he brings,
When Heroes Names surpass'd the Rank of Kings.
Such was Philotas, crush'd by Arts of State,
Almost above his mighty Master great:
Philotas! Terror of the Persian Name,
The Pride of Greece, and Alexander's Shame:
Tho' with some Frailties blemish'd he appear,
His Vices the Excess of Virtue wear:
Then, Oh with Candour temper well your Thoughts;
Just to his Virtues, tender to his Faults.
Tho' up to Fate the Bard his Heroe give,
Be you more kind, and let Philotas live.

Dramatis Personæ.

PHILOTAS.	Mr. Ryan.
CRATERUS.	Mr. Hulett.
CLITUS.	Mr. Quin.
CASSANDER.	Mr. Walker.
PERDICCAS.	Mr. Ogden.
LYSIMACHUS.	Mr. Chapman.
ARSACES, a <i>Persian</i> Prince disguised, Captive to <i>Philotas</i> .	By Mr. Milward.
CEBALLINUS.	Mr. Salway.
STEWARD.	
ALCANDER.	Mr. Houghton.
CLEORA, Wife to <i>Philotas</i> .	Mrs. Buchanan.
ANTIGONA, Captive and Mistress to <i>Philotas</i> .	Mrs. Berriman.

SCENE, ALEXANDER's Camp, in his Return from *Parthia*.



PHILOTAS.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, CRATERUS's Tent.

Enter CLEORA and CRATERUS. He bows low.

CLEORA.



O Ceremony, Statesman; 'tis not That,
Believe these Looks disorder'd, here I
seek;
But if thy subtle Arts can more enflame
A Breast incens'd already with Disdain
Of violated Vows, and slighted Love,
Inspire my Tongue to give a Loose to Rage,
In Words more keen than thy malicious Wit
Did e'er devise, when all its Powers were bent
To blast some Rival in thy Master's Favour.

B

CRATERUS;

CRATERUS.

What means *Cleora* ! Wherefore does the Princess,
 Whose Veins flow rich with *Alexander's* Blood,
 Address his humble Minister in Terms,
 Which, full of Complaints, he with Regret must hear ?
 Say, what important Cause has drawn thee hither
 From *Babylon's* full Court, and softer Pleasures,
 Thro' hostile Provinces; a Length of Way,
 So late subdu'd, and ready for Revolt ?

CLEORA.

When Difficulties threat, the Hero's Mind
 Swells in proportion to the menac'd Danger.
 Fears and Distrust, like Phantoms, fly before him,
 And vast Ambition takes up all his Soul.
 As wild a Passion seizes oft our Sex,
 No less intrepid glows a female Heart.
 The Thirst of Fame, that noble Zeal of daring,
 Which still inspires the brave *Pellæan* Youth,
 Ours, and the World's great Lord, to spread his Con-
 quests,
 Burns not more strong than Jealousy in Woman.
 Now canst thou guess the Cause that brought me
 hither ?

CRATERUS.

Most opportune arriv'd ! But hush my Tongue. (*aside.*
 Beware, fair Princess, of that poys'nous Passion,
 Nor seek with prying Eyes to know, what known,
 If true distracts ; if false, condemns the Search.
 The fatal Plagues of over-curious Transports,
 Of which each Day's Experience gives sad Proof,
 Betimes shou'd warn thee from the treacherous Path,
 Which leads at best to Knowledge, best unfound.
 The Man, who tells me that my Love is false,
 May mean me well, but robs me of my Quiet.

CLEORA;

PHILOTAS.

CLEORA.

Cease to harangue, insipid, cool Declaimer;
Can idle Subtleties, or moral Precepts,
Drawn from the specious Jargon of the Schools,
Assuage a Flame thy Breast no longer knows?
Where thirst of Power, and Riches now bear sway,
The Passions and Infirmary of Age;
These Cautions thou prescrib'st, but help t'increase
My strong Suspicions, and confirm my Fears:
Then be it as it may, I am determin'd;
To doubt is Pain, to be convinc'd is Ease.

CRATERUS.

This Rage, too like that Fever of the Brain,
Which drives us headlong to the pointed Rock,
Will leave you giddy on its dreadful Summit;
Helpless, without Retreat, to gaze with Horror
Down on those Plains, which you too rashly quitted.

CLEORA.

Spare farther Counsel; if thou art a *Grecian*,
Submit to hear a *Grecian* Matron speak.
If thou art *Alexander's* faithful Servant,
Do Justice to his Wrongs, redressing mine.
The false *Philotas* ———

CRATERUS.

Is, I fear, to blame.

CLEORA.

To blame! Now out upon the languid Phrase;
The time has been, when thy officious Tongue
Had with unsparing Freedom spoke his actions,
And known another Language; when his Virtues
(For many, sure, he has) thou hadst misconstru'd;
Magnificence had then been styl'd Profusion;
His lavish Bounty stretch'd to Friends, Design;
The noble Ardour of his Soul, Ambition:
Now whence proceeds this Penury of Words,

PHILOTAS.

But from proud Spite and Arrogance of Soul,
To dare this Insult on *Cleora's* Grief?

CRATERUS.

Unjustly your Suspicions aim t'impute
My silent Caution to resenting Love,
Long since extinguish'd by your cruel Scorn;
When to my elder Years *Parmenio's* Son,
This Traytor to your Charms, this false *Philotas*,
Vain-glorious, fickle, but, oh, happy Youth!
Was in that Merit, pardon me, preferr'd.
No, 'twas Compassion kept the Secret back,
Not with his Riots to disturb your Peace.

CLEORA.

Too shameful — public are they grown, *Craterus*,
Or I, be sure, had never heard his Falshood.
In this injurious Fate is ever kind,
Perversely good; they, whom it most concerns,
Are still the last to know their wretched Doom.
Yet wilt thou lend thy friendly Aid to save
A Princess, whom perhaps you once might love?
Assist me to retrieve his wandring Heart,
Or with Revenge fate my indignant Soul.

CRATERUS.

One of her Suits she might be sure I'd grant;
And add another, which she does not ask. (*aside.*)
Devoted to your wishes, wrong'd *Cleora*,
Behold *Craterus*; happy, if in this
(A Task severe to make a Rival blest)
He may convince you by the cruel Proof,
What dear Regard his Heart still pays your Virtues.
Is your Arrival at the Camp yet public,
Or spread in whispers 'mongst *Philotas'* Guard?

CLEORA.

Neither. To *Clitus'* Tent I took my way,
Whom my false Lord esteems his other Father:

And

P H I L O T A S.

5

And wou'd to Heaven, he copied that good Man!
Him now the King in private Council holds.

CRATERUS.

I guess the matter, — In good time you come;
The many Rumours that have fill'd the Camp,
(And which, Heaven knows, I stifled all I cou'd)
Have, at the last, reach'd *Alexander's* Ear,
Of thy voluptuous Lord's intemperate Life,
Excessive Feasting, more excessive Pride:
When at his midnight Revels, flush'd with Wine,
Irreverent, he reviles the King himself;
And, scoffing at our best Commanders' Toils,
Counts *Persia's* conquer'd Crown his own sole Merit:
Then fondly lolling on his Mistress' Lap —

CLEORA.

Ha, Daggers to my Soul! why fail you, Mistress?

CRATERUS.

His Mistress — late his Captive, now his Mistress.
And more he triumphs in that wanton Claim,
Than in the Field that made her his by Conquest.
This Triumph worth his Boast, which made a Princess,
Who vaunts *Darius* in her kindred Blood,
Forget the Honour of her Name and Lineage,
And bow her to a married Man's Embrace!

CLEORA.

Curst be the Prostitute, accurs'd her Charms!
Let livid Lightning blast them from above!
Distort her Features, harrow up each Grace,
And make her Body odious as her Soul!
Then for the Traytor! — Oh great *Juno*, hear me,
Goddess presiding o'er the nuptial Bed,
Thou too hast known the Pangs of injur'd Love,
Its cruel Tortures, agonizing Pains:
Send down some choice, some mighty Plague on him!
Oh give him Jealousy! between their Hearts

Sow

Sow fell Diffension and suspected Love ;
 Then let him feel the Torments, that he gives.
 But haste, *Craterus*, bring me to the King.

CRATERUS.

It works beyond my Hope. (*aside.*) Each hour your
 Lord,

On some Incurſion abſent, is expected ;
 The intermediate time is therefore precious,
 And muſt be right improv'd. When to the King
 Admitted, boldly urge the Cauſe that brings you ;
 Be your own Advocate, enforce your Wrongs.
 He to your Suit ſhall lend attentive Ear.
 And deem them all his own. The royal Blood
 Of *Macedon* thus ſlighted for a Captive,
 Shall fill his Heart with Wrath and juſt Diſdain.
 Yet think not, Princeſs, I enforce this Counſel
 With other View, than that *Philotas* humbled
 Shou'd to your powerful Interceſſion owe
 His Maſter's Pardon, and returning Favour.

CLEORA.

'Tis that I wiſh, 'tis that my Soul deſires.
 And, ſure, if in his Breſt there ſtill ſurvive
 The leaſt Remains of Gratitude or Honour,
 The loſt *Philotas* ſhall again be mine.

CRATERUS.

How eaſy are we led by blinded Paſſion
 To fancy, what we wiſh th'Event, muſt happen !

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

With ſteps importing haſte, the Lord *Caffander* —

CRATERUS.

Please you retire, he muſt not ſee you here.
Caffander is moſt inward with your Lord,
 A boſom Friend, and Partner in his Riots.

PHILOTAS.

7

At *Clitus*' Tent I shall attend your Service. (*Exit Cle.*
This haughty Lord ill-brooks my Growth of Power,
My Deputation in his father's Room
To govern *Macedon*.—— But he approaches.

Enter CASSANDER.

CASSANDER.

What mean, my Lord, the Rumours that I hear?
These busy Whispers that fly round the Camp,
Infecting, like a pestilential Air,
Our soundest *Macedonians* with Belief
Of empty Calumnies? Why these Suggestions
Against a Man who most deserves their Love,
His noble Talents weigh'd in equal Scale,
Their Country's Pride and Boast, the brave *Philotas*?

CRATERUS.

Why this to me, my Lord? When, if the Charge
Be true or false, you better may explain.

CASSANDER.

I better may explain! Now, by my Soul,
'Tis all thy poor Contrivance, groveling Malice.

CRATERUS.

In this you do me Wrong, a wondrous Wrong,
Who scorn the Office which your Spleen wou'd give me.
Nor does it need; th' Occasion stands too gross:
And, were I so dispos'd, prevents my Labour.

CASSANDER.

But not thy menial Tools; their busy Tongues
Have full Employ to vent thy private Rancour.

CRATERUS.

You grow intemperate in your Speech, *Cassander*.
Nor shou'd I bear these Words, but that I think
They spring from generous Source; I mean, from
Friendship:

Friendship,

Friendship, the noblest Passion of the Mind,
When rightly plac'd ; when ill, its great Misfortune.

CASSANDER.

Then know, I glory, pride myself in mine ;
That noble Warmth with which I love *Philotas*.
And sure, if Valour, Virtue, Truth and Honour,
Greatness of Soul, and Bounty unconfin'd,
A Heart and Hand still bent to cheer Distress,
E'er yet found Place in One, in him they center ;
Compleat the Man, and justify my Choice.

CRATERUS.

Friendships, that are not founded upon Virtue,
Deserve no better Names than Leagues in Vice.
What seeks the Drunkard in his best-lov'd Friend ?
A Brain to bear, a Thirst by Wine unslack'd.
What he, who gives the Rein to wanton Joys ?
Some Wretch of Morals diff'lute as himself.
Thus our own Appetites confirm the Choice ;
And when we think we seal a Man our Friend,
And most approve him, we approve ourselves.
I fear, my Lord, your Zeal for this bad Man
Savours too strong of Partnership in Pleasure,
Sallies of Youth, and Riots known together.

CASSANDER.

Calm Sophister ! thou base-suggesting Slave !
Who, for the Slips of some less-guarded Hours,
Woud'st blast the Reputation of a Life
Gloriously toil'd in the Pursuit of Honour.
Why sleeps the Soldier on th' unwholesome ground ?
Why bears he Winter's Storms, or *Syrius*' Rage ?
Why courts the Perils of unsparing War ?
But that those Hardships, those fierce Conflicts past,
He may enjoy the Calms of soft Repose :
Beauty and Wine to crown his generous Toils ;
And Fame, his great Reward for Dangers scorn'd.
Yet know, in Answer to thy base Reflection,

Know,

Know, for his Vertues I revere *Philotas* ;
Such as thy Soul cou'd never entertain.

CRATERUS.

Whate'er those Vertues are, I grudge 'em not ;
So clouded, and o'erpois'd by blameful Follies :
Crimes, which, tho' known to Fame, his royal Master,
Most partial-kind, dissembl'd not to know.
But Patience, with repeated Insults worn,
With Provocations insolent and high,
(The base Returns of foul Ingratitude
For Favours heap'd on Favours) wakes at length
From slumbring Mercy, Clemency abus'd.
Nor shall it well become your Prudence, Lord,
To justify the Man who dares revile
The Majesty of Kings. Fear, lest such Conduct
Create Suspicions that I wou'd not wish.

CASSANDER.

And am I then become thy least of Cares !
Hast thou so great a Tendernefs for me ?
How much I stand indebted to thy Love !
Now by my injur'd Honour, and my Friend's,
Tax'd with Ingratitude by thy vile Tongue,
We love the King above thy Faction's Rate :
But love him as we shou'd, the perfect Heroe.
We to all mortal Honours wou'd advance him ;
You to divine : — Your servile Flatteries, Lord,
Have taught him to forget the Name of *Philip* :
To wear the *Persian* Robe, the soft *Tiara*,
And quit the Manners of his native *Greece*.

CRATERUS.

By all my Hopes he will undo himself ;
I need but lead him on. (*aside.*) Again you wrong me.
I ne'er advis'd those Honours he affects :
Yet what made *Hercules* and *Bacchus* Gods,
But vast Success, and conquer'd *India's* Nations ?
And has not he surpass'd their utmost Glories ?

C

Like

Like a swift Torrent, wide o'erspread the East?
 Why may he not in Policy assume
 The Style of *Ammon's* Son, to keep them Slaves?
 To this the Oracle has given a Sanction,
 And added Terrors to his dreaded Name.

CASSANDER.

Like Slaves, then let them worship the vain Idol,
 Their own created God. A *Grecian* Soul,
 Free and enlighten'd, scorns such abject Service;
 Recoiling strong with Horror of the Crime.
 Yet these are but the specious Arguments,
 Wherewith thou dost seduce thy Master's Mind;
 Which give thee Room to sate thy secret Malice;
 And when some *Grecian*, worthier than thyself,
 Scorns to debase his Knee; thy busy Tongue
 Strait represents him Traytor to his Prince:
 And thus *Philotas* has incurr'd his Anger.

CRATERUS.

The King shall clear me of th' imputed Slander,
 To whom his inmost Practices are known.

CASSANDER.

Oh! Wou'd thine were; then shou'd he plainly see,
 In proper Colours, rising to his View,
 Dissimulation, Avarice and Pride,
 Envy, Detraction of superior Merit,
 With the long Train of Arts such Statesmen use,
 To crush the Brave, and cheat deluded Monarchs.

CRATERUS.

Behold the Power of Innocence! I laugh
 At these thy empty Taunts, and boistrous Rage.
 Thus *Atlas'* Top derides the Tempest's Force,
 And hears, unmov'd, the Surges lash his Feet.

CASSANDER.

A Mountain art thou grown, indeed, in Pride;
 Tho' *Ætna* better sorts with thy base Nature.

Like

PHILOTAS.

II

Like that, thy Head is silver'd o'er with Snow,
While with malignant Flames thy Bosom burns.

CRATERUS.

Beware th' Irruption thou, and take for once
Counsel from him whom thou miscall'st thy Foe.
Renounce *Philotas'* Follies, quit his Friendship,
Retire in Time, and save thee from his Ruin.

CASSANDER.

Thou think'st me, sure, that abject Slave thou art,
A Stranger to the sacred Laws of Friendship,
Whom generous Sentiments could never warm.
Shall I, because the Waves begin to swell,
And gathering Clouds portend the rising Storm,
Desert my Friend, and poorly fly to Shore?
Let them come on, and rattle o'er my Head;
To the full Tempest's Rage expos'd together,
Safe in the Bark of Innocence we'll ride;
Outbrave the Billows, and deride their Tumult.
Thus I condemn thy idle Menaces,
And dare thee to the Proof in Honour's Name.
(Exit.

CRATERUS.

This Insolence, proud Man, may cost you dear;
This bold Defiance of a foolish Mercy,
That once had Thought to save thee.

Enter PERDICCAS and LYSIMACHUS.

Came you, *Perdicas*,
From the King's Presence?

PERDICCAS.

On the Instant left him.

CRATERUS.

ught of Importance brings the present Hour?

C 2

PERDICCAS,

PERDICCAS.

Philotas is return'd with ample Conquest,
The rebel Provinces again subdu'd;
All the Fomenters of the late Revolt
Or slain, or Captives made; and hither brought
In Chains to wait our mighty Master's Sentence.

CRATERUS.

Curse on the Fortune that attends this Minion! (*aside*,
Success still follows *Alexander's* Arms;
And all his Captains conquer in that Name.

LYSIMACHUS.

Great is his Name; but to what Cause, *Craterus*,
Owes he that Name? Is it not to the Soldier?
His daring Mind, indeed, is like the Soul
That actuates the Body which they form:
We are his Limbs, and Sinews of the War;
And each brave *Macedonian*, that has tugg'd
In bloody Fields for Victory, deserves
His Share of Glory for the rapid Conquests.

PERDICCAS.

None more than brave *Philotas*. Scarce *Parmenio*,
His noble Sire, by *Philip* to the King
Given as the wise Instructor of his Youth,
And great Preceptor in the School of *Mars*.
Whose Absence now, in a Retreat for Age,
Is well supply'd by this most worthy Son.

CRATERUS,

You 're lavish in his Praises: such as you
Are his worst Foes, and swell his Pride of Soul:
That Arrogance, with which he brands Superiors;
Nor spares the Name of Majesty itself.

LYSIMACHUS.

I fain wou'd think him injur'd.

CRATERUS

CRATERUS.

How did the King
Receive the News?

LYSIMACHUS.

It scarce, I think, has reach'd him.
Ruff'd at something, what I could not learn,
He *Clitus* held in private Conference.

PERDICCAS.

But *Clitus* comes ; and, or I read him wrong,
His Looks declare Disorder in his Breast.
Some other's Care disturbs the good old Man :
He, for himself, can neither wish nor fear.

Enter CLITUS.

CLITUS.

From all Employments thus at once dismiss'd !
Those Offices of Trust, and Posts of Honour,
Which he so nobly fill'd ; his Services,
And those of his great Father, quite forgot ;
Oh *Alexander* ! sure, is rigid Justice,
For idle Boasts, the Levities of Wine.

CRATERUS.

Ha, what do I hear ? My Arts at length prevail ;
The Meteor's faln. (*aside.*) I guess, you mean *Philotas*.

CLITUS.

Most true ; the King at present thus determines.
Nor cou'd I with my best Persuasions move
His usual Clemency to gentler Terms.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Clitus, my Lord, you scarce had pass'd the Guard,
E'er our great Master call'd for you in Haste ;
You,

You, on the instant, must attend in Council,
With Lord *Craterus*.

CRATERUS.

Say, we meet his Pleasure.

CLITUS.

What means this hasty Call? Some sudden Turn
Presaging, as I fear, more fatal Purpose;
Alas, *Philotas*, thy imperious Soul,
That hardly bears Competitors in Glory,
Not ev'n thy Master's self, at length undoes thee.
His Favour lost, thy Safety once and Pride;
His gentle Temper, which long stood the Trial,
Broke by thy o'erstretch'd Pride, and haughty Bear-
ing.

Experienc'd Archers send their Shafts with Ease,
And, slightly drawing, drive them as they please;
But when some more robust, some ruder Swain
The distant Horns of the tough Yew wou'd strain
Beyond their Pitch, immoderate Strength to shew,
Harsh jars the String, in Shivers flies the Bow.

Exeunt.



A C T



ACT II.

SCENE, PHILOTAS's Tent.

Enter ARSACES.



Ardon, dear *Persia*, much lamented
Country,
Thou Glory once of all the Eastern
World,

Forgive *Arsaces*, that he yet survives
Thy dread Calamities, and mighty Ruin.
That thus a while, disguis'd in Garb and Feature,
He drags a hated Life, which harder Fate
Than ev'n Captivity itself makes wretched.
That, thro' my generous Conqueror, is light,
Who treats me rather like a Friend than Captive :
Nor e'er enquir'd into my hidden Fortunes.
But then he stabs me in the tend'rest Part,
My Love ; and is again, I fear, my Victor.
But 'tis not Time yet to disclose myself
To him, or lost *Antigona* ! She comes.
Pensive she seems ; — Let me observe her well.

Enter ANTIGONA.

ANTIGONA.

Are these the Pleasures of unlawful Love ?
Are these the promis'd Joys, so ill exchange'd
For those that Innocence alone can give ?
How strong is the Delusion of our Fancy !
That with false Colours dresses up a Dream

Of

Of empty Joys, vain visionary Blifs.
 'Tis now, Captivity, I feel thy Chains.
 Accursed Chance of War! that made me his,
 The charming Man's, who cou'd alone undo me,
 Oh had my better Fortune given me Slave
 To some less worthy *Grecian*, I had known
 The Pangs of Servitude, and only those;
 My daily Task of Labour had perform'd,
 And, patient, learnt t'obey some haughty Master.
 But here, alas, Dominion is my Curse;
 And I, by conquering, am but more enslav'd.
 Tyrannic Love, how fatal is thy Sway!
 How absolute thy Power that fetters Minds!
 By thee it is, that I forget my Birth,
 And with Pollution stain the sacred Stem
 Of *Persia's* royal Blood; by thee seduc'd
 I doat on Shame, and think my Bondage Freedom.
 By thee I know those anxious Cares that fill
 My troubled Breast, whene'er the War's Alarm
 Calls to the Field mine and my Country's Ruin;
 The fatal Foe to both, yet lov'd *Philotas*.

ARSACES.

Oh Daggers to my Heart! Oh shameless Fair!
 How art thou faln? (aside.

ANTIGONA.

Whence this Intrusion, Slave?

ARSACES.

A Slave indeed, but yet thy Fellow-Slave;
 Reflect on that, and then forget Distinction.
 Since Freedom lost, like Death, sets Mankind equal.
 Yet wou'd I have you think 'twas no Presumption,
 But dear Regard I bear *Darius* Blood,
 Brought me to make this Tender of my Duty;
 Of Life itself, if that well-lost might serve you.

ANTIGONA.

Thou seem'st *Armenian*; speak, declare thy Fate:
What

What Sun, propitious to the *Grecian* Arms,
What Battle gave thee Chains?

ARSACES.

That dreadful Night,
Which to the conquering Foe gave up *Damascus*.

ANTIGONA.

Damascus, saidst thou! 'Twas a fatal Hour,
And lost be its Remembrance to my Soul!
Distraction wou'd attend the sad Idea,
But that I know the same disastrous Chance,
Which made me Captive, gave *Arsaces* Death;
And sav'd him from the Infamy of Bondage.

ARSACES.

Wou'd I had dy'd indeed, nor ever known
This cruel Kindness, soft, tormenting Joy:
This Conflict in my Soul of Love and Rage.
But both must be suppress'd. — You ask my Fate;
Already part you know, that abject part
Which yet I best can bear; the rest a Tale
Of private Circumstance, and Love distressed,
Nor worth your Ear, would trifle with your Moments.

ANTIGONA.

Thou dost mistake my Tenderness of Soul,
A Stranger to those Pangs my suff'ring Heart
Feels for Distress, but most for that of Love.
Say on; with strict Attention will I hear thee,
And, sympathizing, share thy Weight of Woes.

ARSACES.

Then know me, Princess, of no vulgar Birth;
Armenia's Soil boasts not a nobler Blood,
Than whence I spring. No petty Lord, I drew
A Train of Warriors to *Darius'* Aid:
But, in the Multitude that swell'd his Powers,
The Name of *Artaban* might never reach you.
'Mongst these, as 'tis our Country's foolish Pride,

D

Vain

Vain Pageantry and Cumbrance of the War,
 Our Women came, with them the dear *Artesia*;
 The tender Partner of her Father's Cares,
 And gentle Solace in the Toils of War;
 My Soul's soft Idol, and affianc'd Bride.

ANTIGONA.

Alas, unhappy Maid! I dread her Fate,
 The Sequel of thy Story. But proceed.

ARSACES.

After *Arbela*'s hapless Field, the Post
 Our King assign'd the *Armenians*, was *Damascus*,
 Then deem'd impregnable; where all the Wealth
 Amass'd by *Persia*'s long successive Monarchs,
 Treasure immense, for Safety had been sent.
 Th'alluring Bait soon drew the *Grecians* thither;
 And great *Philotas*, now our common Master,
 Commanded at the Siege; when, or his Fate,
 Or Genius unfarmountable in War,
 Gave him a dear-contested Prize, the City:
 Thyself, for which I grieve, the noblest Trophy.

ANTIGONA.

Pass thee from that, and of *Artesia* say,
 Her Father and thyself.

ARSACES.

A Grief too mighty
 For Words, fair Princess, your Commands renew:
 Yet, as I may, I shall obey your Pleasure.
 'Twere needless to recount the Midnight Hour,
 In which the fatal last Assault was made;
 Or how the *Greeks*, whether by Force or Fraud,
 Enter'd the Gates. Not with more Rage the Tor-
 rent,
 That foaming roars impetuous o'er its Mounds,
 Covers the Fields, and marks its Way with Ruin.
 Then Horror, dress'd in its most grisly Form,

Was

Was seen, and Havock reign'd in every Quarter.
There dying Soldiers groan, while in their Turns
The Victors with the Vanquish'd bite the Ground:
There venerable Matrons, screaming Maids,
With Hands uplifted, begg'd in vain for Pity.
That dismal Sight soon banish'd other Cares,
And dear *Artesia* took up all my Soul.
Iran, I flew, to dye or to protect her:
But neither was my Fate. Too rigid Heaven
Deny'd me even the Privilege of Death.
Witness, ye Gods! my cruel Foes attest,
If I not well deserv'd it from your Swords! ,

ANTIGONA.

Thy Words have wondrous Force; the dread De-
scription
Calls up to View a Fate so much my own.

ARSACES.

'Tis well, I blended with the Truth some Fiction.
But see me interrupted. ——— (*aside.*)

Enter CASSANDER.

ANTIGONA.

Artaban,

Another Hour shall hear thy rest of Woes.
With this be comforted; if in the Reach
Of Ransom, to thy Arms again restor'd,
Artesia shall reward thy faithful Passion.
Nor think me prodigal of empty Promise;
Great is *Philotas'* Treasure, great his Power,
More great than both his Nobleness of Soul;
Nor slight, I think, my Int'rest in his Heart.
Retire; at his first Leisure will I move him,
Nor to deaf Ears shall I relate thy Story.

ARSACES.

How can this Woman feel so tenderly
Another's Pains, yet see them not her own!

She dares not surely look into her Heart ;
 But thus I lose the Thought. Be gone, fond Love !
 Succeed, Revenge ; I now am wholly thine. (*aside.*
Exit.

ANTIGONA.

Excuse, my Lord, the Moments I allow'd
 A wretched Captive's most unhappy Fate.

CASSANDER.

'Twas like *Antigona*, whose gentle Soul
 Knows every Captive's Anguish, bears his Chains,
 And in *Philotas*' Arms laments her Country.
 I'm now his Harbinger ; yet come, unwilling,
 To tell thee strange, but most important Truth ;
 My Friend returns victorious, but undone.

ANTIGONA.

Ye heavenly Powers forbid ! What means *Cassander* ?
 Victorious, yet undone ! Too sure, alas,
 I guess the fatal Purport of thy Words :
 Some poyson'd Arrow has transfix'd his Breast.

CASSANDER.

His Bane, indeed, is Poyson ; yet in him
 It is not lodg'd, but curst *Craterus*' Breast.
 That execrable Statesman plots his Ruin ;
 With private Rancours, artfully disguis'd
 Beneath fair Shews of Truth, and specious Fears,
 He round the Camp spreads venom'd Calumnies :
 Then to the Ear of Majesty conveys
 The whisper'd Rumours which himself invented,
 Invented or improv'd ; for, oh, too sure,
 With Grief I utter it, my noble Friend,
 Sincere in Heart, full of our native Freedom,
 With inconsiderate Warmth sometimes lets fall
 Expressions too unguarded for the State.

ANTIGONA.

And shall he therefore fall ? Is this your Freedom ?
 The

The great Renown beyond your Neighbour-Nations?
These the Refinements, given by partial Heaven
To mark the Sons of *Greece* distinguish'd forth
From Worlds, by your own Pride miscall'd *Barbarians*!

CASSANDER.

Alas! *Antigona*, thy Country's Manners
Have well reveng'd the Conquest of her Realms;
While now by Luxury, thy softer Climate
Boasts a more ample Triumph o'er our Souls:
Thence the rough Honesty of *Greece* is fled;
And all those Golden Rules her Sages taught,
Men that approach'd Divinity, forgot. (*Shouts and*
Trumpets.)

But hark, those Martial Instruments declare
The Troops 'Return, which he led forth to Conquest:
Those joyful Shouts, the Greeting of their Friends.
Flush'd with Success, he on the Wing shall seek thee,
Lull'd on thy Bosom to unbend his Soul.
Yet let not Love too long detain him there;
In Prudence respite for a while your Joys;
Join with me to point out the threaten'd Danger,
And urge his swift Address t' appease the King.
Persuasion from thy Lips shall have strange Force,
And teach him, what no Foe e'er gave him, Fear.

ANTIGONA.

I am instructed. See, the Conqueror comes.
Lovely, yet frowning as when clad in Arms.

Enter PHILOTAS, with his STEWARD.

PHILOTAS.

How comes it, Sir, the Order, which I left
At my Departure, has not been observ'd?

STEWARD.

Let it not seem Presumption, in his Servant,
To tell my Lord, that his exhausted Stores,

By

By noble Largeſſes, and Bounties drain'd,
Cou'd not ſupply the Sum his generous Heart
Deſign'd *Alcander*.

PHILOTAS.

My exhausted Stores !

What if they cou'd not furniſh forth the Sum ?
• Have not I Jewels, Plate, the Spoils of War !
Go, ſell 'em quick, diſpatch, and make him eaſy.
Shall e'er the gallant Man, whom I call Friend,
Pine with Diſtreſs, which I have Power to cure ?
Now, by yon Heaven, it is the utmoſt Joy
My Soul can know, to cheer afflicted Virtue :
Nor, like *Craterus*, to diſpenſe my Treafure
On baſe, on prostitute, abandon'd Slaves ;
Whoſe abject Services engage his Favour,
And do the Drudgery, which a brave Man ſcorns.
But I too long defer that gentler Blifs,
Which thou, *Antigona*, alone can'ſt give.
Thus let me ſtrain thee to my Breaſt, my Charmer ;
Oh ! thou ſoft Excellence ! If ſtill the Toil,
And glorious Hazard of the dreadful Field,
Be thus rewarded, Victory is cheap.
Caffander too. Let me embrace my Friend ?

ANTIGONA.

Now, by the Transports in my thrilling Veins,
My throbbing Heart, that leaps with Joy to meet thee,
Moſt welcome to theſe Arms. Ah ! my lov'd Lord,
Cou'd you conceive the Fears your Abſence gave,
The kind Suggeſtions of our Female Softneſs,
Whilst every ſinging Dart, each brandiſh'd Spear,
Imagination levell'd at your Breaſt ;
You, from that Thought, might gueſs my preſent
Rapture.

PHILOTAS.

This is indeed to conquer, this to triumph :
The Sweets of Victory are in thy Arms ;

That

That I have gain'd, and these I will enjoy.
 Prepare a Banquet ; costly let it be,
 And in Magnificence bespeak my Mind.
 Whate'er the East of Delicacy yields,
 Is in my present Spoils. Let the Commanders,
 Worthy Companions in the well-fought Field,
 Be summon'd to partake. The cheerful Goblet
 Shall raise our Souls, while with a decent Pride,
 Conscious we'll boast the Dangers we have known ;
 And War's great Toils shall be the Soldier's Theme.
 O my *Antigona*, how impatient Love
 Invites me to the long untasted Joy !

CASSANDER.

Much I cou'd wish you wou'd attend the King :
 To him your first Respects, and humble Tender
 Of Duty best were paid.

ANTIGONA.

Indeed, 'twere well.

PHILOTAS.

Your Counsel, best-lov'd Friends, is kind, but need-
 less.

Let others, more officious, be the Heralds :
 Let 'em with fulsome Flatteries urge, his Name
 And Genius conquer for him in his Absence.
 My honest Words might but offend his Pride,
 Assuming Conquest where he had no Share.
 For thus 'tis ever with that proud young Man,
 Who, all o'erweaning, thinks the World was made
 For him alone, and we at best his Vassals.

CASSANDER.

Let's yet remember he's our King, *Philotas* :
 A most munificent and royal Master.
 Who knows in Victory no other End
 But vast Renown, and to reward his Soldiers :
 To raise the Prostrate still his chief Delight ;

To quell Opposers, his great Soul's Ambition,
 Yet can I see, as clear as thou, his Pride;
 Or, let me call it by a gentler Name,
 A Vanity, the conquer'd World has given.

PHILOTAS.

Give it what Name thou wilt, 'tis monstrous Folly;
 Nor can himself believe what he affects.
 I smile, indeed, when I behold these *Persians*,
 Effeminate and humble Slaves, adore,
 With bended Knee, his Rising like the Sun's;
 And hail him God, because he conquer'd them.
 But when I see our *Macedonian* Chiefs,
 Whose Toil and Blood won him this mighty Empire,
 Approach his Person in like servile Postures,
 And humbly sue to kiss his sacred Robe,
 I lose all Patience; my big swelling Heart
 Beats thick, and Indignation fires my Breast.
 Whom of us all, my Friend, has he outstripp'd
 In Virtue's Race, or the Pursuit of Honour?
 'Tis we have rais'd this Mortal to the Skies,
 Where now the vain and empty Stripling sits,
 This boasted Son of *Ammon* sits enthron'd.

ANTIGONA.

Alas! My Lord, too long your Friend declines
 To tell what grates his Soul, unwelcome News:
 But leaves to me, howe'er unfit, that Office.
 By all the past Endearments of our Love,
 By those to come, if such there be in Store,
 I now conjure thee, haste, and find the King;
 Confront thy Foes, and vindicate thy Truth.

PHILOTAS.

Foes, and my Truth! What means my Love, *Cassander*?
 The first I slight, the latter needs no Comment.

CASSANDER.

Yet is her Caution just: Nor, oh, depend,
 Too much on Innocence, or conscious Honour;
 Virtues

Virtues of small Significance in Courts.

Whene'er our subtle Foes devise our Fall,

Experience shews how little these avail us.

Our Valour, Bounties, are misconstru'd Crimes ;

And our best Virtues turn'd to aid our Ruin.

Hence, as I think, thou ow'st thy new-chang'd Fortune.

For, oh ! my Friend, this Morn, the King's Displeasure

Stripp'd thee of all thy Posts of high Command,

Declar'd now vacant by the Royal Mandate.

PHILOTAS.

Are all my Services then come to this ?

Is thus *Parmenio* in his Sons rewarded ?

His lov'd *Nicanor*, yet a recent Shade,

The wretched Sire deplores ; and now *Philotas*,

Disgrac'd, becomes his ampler Cause of Sorrow.

Did he for this, from *Macedon's* strait Bounds,

First mark this *Alexander's* Way to Empire,

O'er the wide East ? Rear'd this high Structure up,

Where now he treads, and scornfully looks down

On *Asia's* Kings, his tributary Vassals !

Without his Aid much has *Parmenio* done,

Parmenio absent, *Alexander* nothing.

CASSANDER.

Contain thyself, *Philotas* ; such wild Words

Have given thy Coward Foes the Power to harm thee.

Excuse this Freedom in thy Friend ; yet think,

To them my Tongue still knows another Language.

ANTIGONA.

You stand unmov'd : Oh ! where shall I find Words

To reach thy Soul, and bend this stubborn Virtue ?

Indignant rising at thy injur'd Fame.

Shall then *Antigona* in vain implore

Thy wonted Tendernefs ? with Tears lament

The Loss of Power, she once had in thy Heart ?

E

Or

(Or thou art much forsworn) and sighing cry,
Thy first Refusal was to save *Philotas*?

PHILOTAS.

To save *Philotas* ! I defy their Malice,
Their false Suggestions, Impotence of Slander.
Even my Return shall dissipate the Vapour,
These Exhalations, that wou'd cloud my Brightness.
When *Alexander*, undeceiv'd, shall own,
Not Words, but Actions, best approve our Truth.

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

A Messenger from *Clitus* craves Admittance.

PHILOTAS.

Let him appear.

Enter MESSENGER.

Now, Friend——

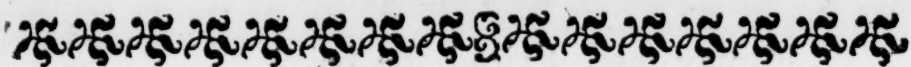
MESSENGER.

Most noble Lord,
My Master bid me say, he waits to greet thee
At his own Tent : Matters of high Importance
Require it should be there.

PHILOTAS.

Tell him I come. (*Exit Messenger.*)
Thus far, *Antigona*, to thy kind Fears
I yield Obedience, and suspend my Transports :
A Task, which Love and Absence ill can brook.
Your Presence, Friend, I hope, shall grace my Ban-
quet. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE,



SCENE, CRATERUS's Tent.

Enter CRATERUS.

CRATERUS.

How various are the Moments Statesmen pass?
 When what they hope, or fear, yet waits th' Event!
 Hope, as the Morn in *May*, with vernal Sweets,
 And opening Buds, presents a pleasing Prospect.
 While, like a sudden Frost, succeeding Fear
 Saddens the Landskip, and corrects those Joys.
 Such is my present State; for tho' the King
 At our late Summons seem'd even to my Wish
 Determin'd strong, and fix'd in his Resentment;
 Yet is it all Suspence, now that *Cleora*
 New-wrought, I fear, by *Clitus*, holds his Ear.
 So much I dread the Tye of Kindred Blood,
 And Female Rhet'ric of persuasive Tears.
 Of this I must go learn.

Enter CEBALLINUS.

What ill-tim'd Suitor
 Approaches now t' impeach my needful Haste?
 In a bad Hour he comes, his Answer short.
 Yet, in Humanity, I deem it better,
 However rare that Practice reigns in Courts,
 At once to give each Suit its fair Repulse;
 Than with delusive Hopes to lead Men on,
 In vain Expectance of what ne'er shall happen.

CEBALLINUS.

My Lord, I come——

E 2

CRATERUS,

CRATERUS.

I pray thee, Friend, be brief,
I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

CEBALLINUS.

Nor he be long with us, unless you hear :
For know, the News I bring concerns his Life.
'Mongst those deputed for the late Incurfion,
Commanded by *Philotas*, went one *Dymnus*,
Of low Estate, but yet of high-flown Passions.
This Man, affecting much a Youth, my Brother,
Nicomachus his Name, even on their March
Into a Temple took him. There, by Friendship,
And by the sacred Godhead of the Place,
Swore him to Secrecy ; and then reveal'd
A Plot of execrable, blackest Purport :
How, e'er three Suns shou'd see them back return'd,
By a curs'd Faction of plotted Nobles,
Whom then he nam'd, the King should be assassi-
fin'd.
Struck with Amaze, but cautious made by Fear,
His Loyal Zeal *Nicomachus* dissembl'd :
But soon as parted, posting to *Philotas*,
Instant unbosom'd the dread Secret to him :
Who seem'd to slight it, chid him from his Pre-
sence,
Severely check'd, and call'd him wanton Trifler.

CRATERUS.

Ha ! say'st thou Friend ! Of this he never sent
The least Report : Can'st thou attest thy Story ?

CEBALLINUS.

My Lord, the Youth, now in my Tent conceal'd,
Waits my Return, and with his Life shall vouch it.

CRATERUS.

CRATERUS.

Upon thy Life, to none impart the Secret:
 Retire thee strait, and keep thy Brother close.
 I'll to the King, and instantly report
 Each Circumstance of this thy horrid Tale;
 This foul Conspiracy against his Life,
 That Life preserv'd, shall raise thee to his Favour;
 That Favour to high Honour; and thy Country,
 With full Consent, shall bless the pious Name
 Of him, who sav'd theirs and the World's great
 Lord. *(Exit Ceb.)*

Now let my secret Soul indulge the Joy,
 The solid Joy which Politicians know,
 When on some Patriot-fool they wreak their Ven-
 geance.

The witless Hero, full of Noise and Honour,
 Safe in his Indolence and conscious Virtue,
 Encompass'd by the wary Statesman's Toils,
 Falls the sure Victim to his Rage provok'd.

As when some Serpent his dread Length extends,
 Safe in the Brake, and his scal'd Curls unbends;
 Jove's watchful Bird down from his Height of Skies
 Impetuous stoops, then gripes secure the Prize;
 Vain is Resistance now, nor Aught avail
 The Crest erected high, and wreathing Tail;
 His strong-rib'd Sides the Victor-Eagle goars,
 And tears him struggling, as aloft he soars. *(Exit.)*





A C T III.

SCENE, *Before CLITUS's Tent.*

Enter CLITUS and PHILOTAS, with a Letter.

CLITUS.



O U R Father's Hand, peruse and weigh it well.

PHILOTAS.

What means *Parmenio*, when he counsels thus?

Make thyself less, my Son. How less? In what? How can that be? Must I then stoop my Soul From her high Flight, where Faulcon-like she soar'd, And underfet my Heart beneath my Hopes; Nor vainly shall I say, beneath my Merit? Shall I foregoe th' Advantage gain'd in Rank, So hardly purchas'd with my Blood in War? Shall I degrade th' Opinion of the Soldier, The Witnesses and Partners of my Toils; And, like a Dastard, putting off my Honours, Give Men to think they were not my just Claim? Is there a Medium? Is there any Station For such as me, between their Power and Ruin?

CLITUS.

Wide from the Mark, young Man. Your Father means not, That you shou'd yield Precedency of Place; But, filling well the Posts thy Merit claims, Behave thee like the Son of good *Parmenio*. *Parmenio*, whose great Aim was still his Country,

His

His Master's Glory, and encreasing Empire.
Who, wisely shunning popular Applause,
Vain airy Breath, ne'er gave his Foes or Prince
The Grounds for base Aspersions or Mistrust.

PHILOTAS.

And what just Grounds have I for either given?

CLITUS.

None from thy Heart, I think ; but in Appearance
Many, too many ; which I grieve to hear.
Forbear thy braggard Speeches, and dismiss
Thy numerous, vain Dependencies ; forego ,
Thy nightly Banquets, and outrageous Riot ;
Tear from thy Breast the Prostitute reigns there ;
Subdue thy Passions, those intestine Foes :
A nobler Conquest than what now thou bring'st.

PHILOTAS.

My swelling Heart beats thick, and will have Vent.
Do thou forego this Petulance of Words,
This Peevishness of Age, and froward Years.
Nor think, old Man, from any other Tongue,
Parmenio's self excepted, I wou'd bear it.
But to be cool. — What popular Dependence
Is it I court ? Shall I shake off the Zeal
Of such as follow out of Love my Fortunes ?

CLITUS.

Fondly advanc'd, without Distinction true ;
It is not you they follow, but your Fortunes.
Thy liberal Heart, thy noble Soul, *Philotas*,
Thy plain and open Nature sees Mankind
But in Appearances, not what they are.
In Virtue we may err ; and Bounty's self,
When ill conferr'd, is Prodigality.
Alexander, the late Instance of thy Goodness,
Ought to be faithful ; such, I trust, he'll prove :
Shou'd he be false, how shalt thou deem the rest,

But

But Villains well conceal'd, thy Summer Swallows ?

PHILOTAS.

I cannot think so, who from strongest Proofs
Have Warrant to believe their well-try'd Faith.

CLITUS.

Proofs in Prosperity ! I smile to hear thee :
Is the hard Hand of dire Calamity
Yet known to press thee ! Has thy Master's Favour,
Now first withdrawn, yet damp'd their ardent Zeal ?
Or given a decent Leisure to retire ?
Whene'er this happens, that, be sure, attends thee.

PHILOTAS.

It cannot be, so firmly are they mine ;
Ty'd down by Bounties, Offices of Love,
And Motives that must bind the grateful Heart.

CLITUS.

The Power to give creates us oft our Foes :
Where many seek for Favour, few can find it :
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask ;
And, disappointed, wonders at Repulse ;
Wonders a while, and then sits down in Hate.

PHILOTAS.

Such in the gross is Man, I must confess ;
But of my Followers few, I think, are such.
Virtue and Worth still have I strove to find ;
When found, have foster'd with the tend'rest Care ;
And from this Choice what have not I to hope ?

CLITUS.

Alas, *Philotas*, weak are still thy Reas'nings.
'Tis not alone in Friendship we are safe :
He that in Courts wou'd thrive, and Life extend
To Length of Days, must bow his Neck to Wrongs,
Patient and pleas'd, and thank his kind Oppressor.

PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Then short shall be my Life. On these Conditions,
These abject Terms, what generous Soul would keepit?
But from thy Lips such Sentiments surprize ;
For Arts like these, fure, made not *Clitus* great.

CLITUS.

Most true, young Man ; yet to thy Warmth of Soul,
Thy fiery Temper, suit not ill these Counsels :
And this thy late Disgrace, the King's Displeasure,
Might well instruct thee in the bitter Lesson.
Where were thy Followers then, and where their Zeal?
Not one of all durst stem the angry Tide,
The Flood that swell'd in *Alexander's* Rage.
Thy Foes were present ; nor, like them, stood mute ;
I pleaded, but in vain ; and but for One,
One greatly injur'd too, thou wer't undone.

PHILOTAS.

Injur'd by me ! Give me to see his Face :
My conscious Soul knows not by thy Description
This secret Friend : For no Man have I wrong'd :
And to that Proof I challenge my worst Foe.

CLITUS.

'Tis not, perhaps, a Man.

[*Exit Clitus.*]

PHILOTAS.

Ha, say'st thou ?—Gone !
What can he mean ?

Re-enter CLITUS with CLEORA.

By Heaven, he tells me true ;
The Person, who on Earth may most accuse me.
I wrote expressly to forbid your coming ;
Cleora, 'tis not well that you are here.

CLITUS.

Philotas, 'tis not well that she is here,
 To find this Welcome.—Stand you thus aloof?
 Are you a Man, or cold and senseless Marble?
 Has Motion left your Limbs, or have you lost
 All Sense of Love, of Gratitude and Honour?

CLEORA.

The Time has been, *Philotas* would have thought
 His Feet too slow, and wish'd for Wings to bear him;
 His burning Eyes had shot a distant Kiss;
 His eager Arms enfolded me in Thought:
 Where is that Ardour now? Where, where the
 Transports,
 The soft Caresses, and endearing Joys,
 The sparkling Love that revell'd o'er thy Face,
 Whene'er *Cleora* met thee from the Field,
 And each short Absence made thee but more kind?
 Such were those happy Days; and sure, I think,
 False as thou art, thou didst not then dissemble.
 Accurst Fruition! most enchanting Ill!
 Thou Good sublime in Prospect, pleasing Ruin!
 Destructive of thyself, and Woman's Peace!
 Oh wherefore, partial Nature, didst thou frame
 Our Souls so different from perfidious Man's?

PHILOTAS.

Thou seest, *Cleora*, I have patient heard thee,
 And silent stood this Chain of long Reproach;
 This War of Tongue, this Din of clam'rous Virtue;
 Too sure Attendant on the nuptial State.
 But since on Nature thou do'st thus exclaim,
 Man too may tax her of unequal Dealing.
 Oh! wherefore gave she to thy Sex those Charms,
 Which in her Infancy herself first wore?
 Blooming and sweet, delightful to each Sense,
 Mild, calm and gentle, she at first design'd you;
 But, in Mistake, she chanc'd to give you Tongues;
 Unhappy

Unhappy Gift entrusted to your Care,
Whose proper Use your Passions quite pervert.

CLEORA.

Oh Insolence ! Would'st thou then have us only
The Slaves of Pleasures, a meer brute Creation ?

PHILOTAS.

I would not have you, what you make yourselves,
Slaves to Caprice, and each vain idle Fancy ;
Starting at Shadows, frantic at a Cloud,
Your Love itself, but other Superstition.

CLEORA.

So, thou do'st well thus to expose our Weakness,
Our softer Folly, Tenderness and Care ;
Our Fears to lose what is not worth our keeping ;
Our Punishment, indeed, yet lov'd Disquiet :
The righteous Judgment which the Gods, I think,
Inflict on Woman to abate her Pride.

CLITUS.

Calm yourself, Princess, and restrain this Warmth ;
You know his Temper : Gentleness were better.

CLEORA.

Spare your Advice, my Lord : In Wrongs like mine
Calmness were trifling, Gentleness were mean.
Gentle to him, who flights my injur'd Bed !
(A Bed that brings nor Infamy, nor Wrath)
And with a Wanton prostitutes his Name ;
At once disgracing both himself and me.
But is it just, that I, who share no Part
Of these wild Joys, shou'd yet partake the Shame ?
Unfair Conclusion ! which the World still draws ;
Imputing to our Sex the wayward Temper,
The Love of Change, Satiety of Man.

PHILOTAS.

Nor are you in that Accusation injur'd ;
 Like mild and gracious Princes did you rule,
 Content and Blessings wou'd attend your Reign ;
 But when to Passions you give up your Reason,
 (The treacherous Favourites of a female Tyrant)
 And fondly listen to each light Surmize,
 To every trifling Rumour they shall whisper ;
 Nature at once starts up in Self-defence,
 And scorns the slavish Tye of such Obedience.

CLEORA.

Oh grant me Patience ! Light Surmize and Rumour !
Antigona ! false Man, *Antigona* !
 Does not that Name evince thy Perfidy,
 And call the mantling Blood into thy Cheek ?

PHILOTAS.

What of *Antigona* ? She were my Slave,
 If in that sort I knew to treat thy Sex.
 But born a Princess, sprung from *Persia's* Kings,
 Her Rank alone, (had not her Virtues pleaded,
 Her tender Tale of piteous Circumstance,
 Deliver'd with such Elegance of Woe)
 Forbad to rate her as War's common Prize ;
 But these conjoin'd, I ow'd it to myself
 To treat her as her Birth and Griefs demanded ;
 And with Humanity assuage her Cares.

CLEORA.

Her Cares ! Oh shameless Man ! see, *Clitus*, see,
 Does he not to my face avow his Crime ?
 In the mean Subterfuge of Words insult
 My injur'd Bed, and mock my slighted Charms ?
 Oh 'tis too much, too much, inhuman Wretch !

CLITUS.

For shame, my Lord ; by Heaven, I feel her Pains :
 (Old as I am, and long diffus'd to Love ;)
 Pains, that are only known to warmest Hearts.

O Jealousy ! Thou most unnatural Offspring
Of a too tender Parent ! that in Excess
Of Fondness feeds thee, like the Pelican,
But with her purest Blood ; and in return
Thou tear'st the Bosom, whence thy Nurture flows.

CLEORA.

Come, come, my Lord, your Silence but upbraids you :
You wou'd, but cannot, justify your Crime.
Oh ! cou'd you but as easily repent,
As the then blest *Cleora* cou'd forgive ;
How wou'd she triumph with exulting Joy !
'Tis sure, she comes not (be so just to think it)
With sharp Invectives to pursue your Fault ;
Her only Aim, if possible, to win you
Back to yourself, whom you have much forgot :
With me forgot : —who dare not chide, but mourn.
Be but again *Philotas*, thou art mine.

CLITUS.

Hear you all this, and hear it you unmov'd !
Is it, because that conscious of her Wrongs
Thou deem'st, perhaps, she cannot stoop to pardon ?
Or, to return, were to confess the Guilt ?
As Cowards oft are desperate made by Fear,
And nothing wounds so deep as our own Shame.

PHILOTAS.

Too truly urg'd ; oh, what do I endure !
How do contending Passions tear my Breast,
At once assail'd on Nature's weakest Side,
With deep Remorse, soft Pity and fond Love !

CLITUS.

Nature and Justice both with loud Acclaim
Demand Obedience to their equal Laws ;
And with unerring Hand point out thy Choice.
While deep Remorse, if as you ought you felt it,
Wou'd quickly teach you to discard fond Love :

Fond Love for her, who is your Honour's Bane.
Such is the gentle Phrase thy Folly gives it ;
But honest Truth will stile it foul and shameful.

CLEORA.

Wherefore, *Philotas*, do I view thee thus
Idly tormenting thy dear Breast, and mine?
Oh! then, at length redeem your self from Shame ;
Throw off the Chains of ignominious Thralldom ;
Break thro' the forc'ress Charms, that long have held
thee

A Stranger to these ever faithful Arms.
Nor arduous is the Task, the Boon I beg ;
'Tis but to be resolv'd, th' Enchantment ceases.
I see a kind of yielding in thy Eyes ;
Oh! therefore hear me ; for thy Good I court,
Thy Peace, thy Liberty and Fame restor'd.

PHILOTAS.

Then thus restor'd, oh ! take me to thy Bosom ;
There mould me as thou wilt ; my soften'd Heart
(Strike deep th' Impression) shall receive thy Image ;
Never, oh ! never, thence to be eras'd.
Thy mighty Goodness has at last o'ercome,
And sham'd me to myself, my best *Cleora* !

CLEORA.

Oh! Sound of Ecstasy, transporting Joy !
Of all my Life be this recorded Hour
The brightest Point of Time, my better Nuptials !

PHILOTAS.

Alas, *Cleora*, whither have I wand'red,
And stray'd a Wanton from thy tender Care !
How has my Ear been deaf, nor known till now
The gentle Voice that lures me home to Love ?
To Love, to Constancy, and plighted Faith ?
'Tis there, ye Gods, y'ave plac'd our highest Bliss ;
Seat of Content, and calm Retreat from Care ;

Sweet

Sweet Softner of past Toils, and present Anguish:
There the kind Part'ner of our Fates attends,
Or Grief to mitigate, or heighten Joy;
And each *Cleora* makes her Master happy.
Forgive then my late Insolence of Words,
Vain Outrage on thy Sex, and empty Taunts;
Be all forgot, as all shall be amended.

CLEORA.

Thus, my lov'd Lord, thus let *Cleora* thank you.
Words I have none to speak the mighty Rapture,
The Joy, which rising Fears wou'd fain forbid.

PHILOTAS.

Oh! banish from thy Breast Distrust and Care;
Be this, and this, my Pledge of endless Love.

CLITUS.

See, I partake your Transport. Let my Tears,
The Gratulation of an old Man's Joy,
(Tho' silent, strong; unmanly, yet sincere;)
Attest the Truth, and evidence the Pleasure:
Pleasure I know, to see this happy Change.
But *Alexander* now should be attended;
Pleas'd with the News, he'll smile indulgent on thee;
Cleora and myself shall wait thee to him.

PHILOTAS.

Let me not seem, old Man, to want those Aids.
Singly I'll go, with Innocence to friend;
My sole Companion, surest Intercessor.
That clear'd, with Readiness, with Joy, I'll own
Thy Mediation and his royal Goodness.
To *Clitus'* Tent again retire, *Cleora*;
At my Return, with Pride my own receives thee.
[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter ANTIGONA and ARSACES.

ANTIGONA.

Speed thee, and learn what more thou may'st: Yet stay.
Death to my Hopes, what is it I behold!
Oh! follow, *Artaban*; call hither *Clitus*;
Say, I've a Suit to him; say any thing.

ARSACES.

This may go well, if I divine th' Event. [Exit.

ANTIGONA.

It must, it can be only she; that Ayr
Of conscious Vertue, (injur'd too, she'll say)
The proud Demeanour which these *Grecians* boast,
Severity of Charms, and awful Beauty,
Beyond her Country's Dress, denote *Cleora*.
I fear, *Antigona*, thou art undone.
Yet wherefore shou'd I fear? Full oft *Philotas*
Has on my swelling Bosom swore, how much
The *Persian* Softness more adorn'd our Sex;
Gave Sweets to Love, and more endear'd its Joys.
But Men are false; then this may be Disguise,
Meer Artifice, perhaps, and Semblance all.
But see him here, who can resolve my Fate.

Re-enter CLITUS with ARSACES. [Arsaces goes out.

CLITUS.

What wou'd the fair *Antigona* with me?

ANTIGONA.

Fair to no purpose, Lord, but her Undoing:
Such is the fatal Growth of hapless Beauty!
In her soft Spring she puts forth tender Buds,
And blooming Flowers, which the Sun's genial
Warmth
Calls forth to Fruit, and ripens to high Taste:
When

When comes the Savage, the Despoiler, Man,
With Hand rapacious ravages the Boughs,
Then leaves her naked, stript of all her Honours.
I came to seek *Philotas*; but he flies me :
I see, perhaps, the Cause, and see my Ruin.

CLITUS.

He neither fled, nor saw thee ; but was led
By Justice, Honour, and strong Nature's Call.
I will not flatter Thee ; thy Reign is past :
The magic Spells, in which thy Beauty held him,
Now vanish, like a Morning Dream, in Air,
His Wife, hear that, a vertuous Dame, demands
Her Right usurp'd, and now enjoys the Claim.

ANTIGONA.

A Right, at best, of Form and doting Custom :
Built on Distrust, and servile Superstitions.
She but, perchance, receiv'd him to her Arms,
Constrain'd, a Victim to designing Parents ;
The Pledge of future Views, and growing Friendship:
While Pride, Resentment, more than real Passion,
Or Tenderness for him, now fire her Soul.
Not such my Flame: Tho' Captive, yet not forc'd,
By soft Persuasions won, by pleaded Love,
I lov'd in turn, and yielded to my Ruin.
Yet call *Philotas* ; I've of weight to tell him.

CLITUS.

He's not within my Call ; nor can'st thou have
Of weight to tell him. This is Artifice ;
The last poor Shift of thy desponding Passion:
Strong Jealousy peers thro' the thin Disguise ;
Thy Fear of losing him, this weighty Care.

ANTIGONA.

By *Orosmales*, no. A kinder Fear,
The Fear of losing him another way,
More fatal to himself, has drawn me hither :

G

Nor

Nor knew I of *Cleora*. From the King
 (So did they say, and shew'd the royal Signet)
 Some Men of fullen Port, and stern Behaviour,
 Have been to search his Tent, and him not found,
 Muttering they threaten'd, and in haste retir'd.
 I after learnt, *Craterus* was their Lord.

CLITUS.

Sent from the King, and of *Craterus*' Train!
 What After-game is now his Malice playing!
 The precious Moments must be well employ'd.
 Retire, *Antigona*; this tender Care
 Almost persuades me to forgive thy Faults.
 Avoid the Place, for, lo! *Cleora* comes,
 I think, to seek me; but I now must shun her.
 Retire, I say, nor meet an injur'd Wife. [Exit.

ANTIGONA.

Were she the Wife of *Jove*, I'd not avoid her.
 She too, perhaps, may well deserve that Name,
 The bosom Plague, and *Juno* of *Philotas*.

Enter CLEORA.

I thank thee, Fate; a nearer View has eas'd me,
 While Distance only aggrandiz'd the Fear.

CLEORA.

Ha! who art thou, that traversing the place,
 Survey'st me thus around with Eagle-Eyes;
 Eyes that would seem to pierce, and look me through?

ANTIGONA.

Thou know'st Me not; how different are we form'd!
 At thy first sight a deadly Damp o'erspread
 My Limbs, the Blood ran shuddering thro' my Veins,
 Flutter'd my conscious Heart, my Pulse beat slow,
 And strong Antipathy declar'd my Rival.

CLEORA.

CLEORA.

And art thou she? Oh wherefore should I doubt it?
That Scorn of Shame, which Prostitutes put on,
Inur'd to Sin, and harden'd to Disgrace,
Displays the Wanton in most lively Colours.
But let me now behold thee, in my turn:
Like a Magician's Book, I will peruse
Thy hellish Charms, and read 'em o'er with Horror.

ANTIGONA.

Do, look thy fill, and burst thyself with gazing.
Peruse those hellish Charms, then curse thy Stars,
And niggard Gods, who gave them not to thee.

CLEORA.

I would not be the Mistress of such Beauties;
Mark'd out for Sale, they speak their Purchase cheap.

ANTIGONA.

I scorn the Slander, and thy little Malice;
Not so *Philotas* found: The Conquest cost him
(Or Purchase, if thou wilt) a nobler Price:
Of Pains, of Tears, of Oaths, an endless Train.
But would'st thou know what most endear'd him to me,
It was the Sacrifice he made of thee.
A Wife deserted, and for me despis'd,
Was the sole Bribe cou'd win a *Persian* Princess.

CLEORA.

Boast not thy Lineage; was not *Semiramis*
The Founder of thy Race and Empire too,
Herself a Prostitute, incestuous Wanton!
Yet learn from me, 'tis not Descent of Blood,
But Virtue that alone ennobles Woman.

ANTIGONA.

How oft that Virtue, which some Women boast,
And pride themselves in, but an empty Name!

No real Good, in Thought alone possess'd.
 Safe in the Want of Charms, the homely Dame,
 Secure from the seducing Arts of Man,
 Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste:
 Wonders how others e'er could fall, yet when
 She talks most loud about the noisy Nothing,
 Look on her Face, and there you read her Virtue.

CLEORA.

I do not wonder at these mean Reflections;
 Virtue, be sure, is odious in thy Eyes:
 As what we cannot practise, we condemn.
 But I no longer will hold Converse with thee.
 Yet, in Compassion to thy Rank and Sex,
 I'll beg my Lord to grant thy instant Freedom:
 Thy Wealth, his Spoils, restor'd thee, with Encrease.

ANTIGONA.

I thank thy Bounty, thou dost well to part us.
 The Step were prudent, and becomes thy Caution.

CLEORA.

Vain Insolence! To shew how I contemn
 Thy boasted Charms, I will entreat *Philotas*
 Himself to be the Messenger of this:
 And, if I can prevail, I'll send him to thee.
 For howsoe'er the Libertine may rove,
 And frontless tread the Rounds of guilty Love;
 In the soft Rage of Joys without Controul,
 Secret Remorse shall once reproach his Soul.
 When sated in the lawless Wanton's Arms,
 He weighs with cooler Thoughts her Syren-Charms;
 Wak'd from his Dream, now wonders at the Art,
 The specious Shews seduc'd his easy Heart.
 Convinc'd at length, he this great Truth shall own,
 Pleasures sincere chaste Hymen gives alone;
 While far away the Prostitute is thrown. [Exit.]

AN-

ANTIGONA.

Oh! Arrogance of proud o'er-weening Virtue,
That draws a Picture from the flatt'ring Glass
Of self-allow'd Opinion! — Yet, perhaps,
She may say true, then what a Wretch am I?
To what a Circumstance has Folly brought me?

Enter ARSACES.

But *Artaban* returns. What News, my Friend?

ARSACES.

As I went hence, a Fellow-captive met me,
One of thy Train; in Search of thee he came.
Philotas' Orders are, you quit his Tent.
All thy rich Furniture is thence remov'd,
Thy self, and us, assign'd another Quarter.

ANTIGONA.

Then am I lost indeed. Perfidious Traytor!
Monster of Falshood, most gigantic Villain!
Racks, Poison, Daggers! Oh! I cou'd tear my Heart,
My foolish Heart, that listen'd to his Vows.
Ye righteous Gods, if Perfidy you hate,
Send down your swiftest Vengeance on his head,
On hers, on mine, crush'd in one common Ruin.

ARSACES.

It works, as I cou'd wish.—Vengeance is still
In thy own reach.

ANTIGONA.

How, where! Instruct me quick.
Point out the Means, and ease my tortur'd Breast.

ARSACES.

Philotas and *Cassander* both are seiz'd,
For Plots, 'tis said, 'gainst *Alexander's* Life:
Join thou t'accuse him.

AN-

ANTIGONA.

Ha! Alas, thou know'st
Of nought can I implead, but scoffing Words.

ARSACES.

Those fairly gloss'd, and set in proper Light,
Will, from thy Tongue, have fatal Force to sink him.

ANTIGONA.

Thought of Revenge, so base, strikes some Remorse

ARSACES.

Remorse for him, who has it not for Thee!
Think on thy Rival, shall she shew Remorse?

ANTIGONA.

'Tis justly urg'd, the Thought of her o'ercomes:
Again my Breast with strong Resentment burns.
Inspire me, great Revenge, to shape my Course,
That no Appearance of Design be seen.
Haste to *Craterus*, as a Slave inform him,
Thy Mistress might, perhaps, clear up the Plot:
Throw 't in his way to force Detection from me:
This shall have good Effect. The specious Truth,
That seems extorted, shall have double weight.
It cannot fail: I'll feast me on the Thought.

And while Revenge, to make more sure the Blow,
Like Age, proceeds with cautious Steps, and slow;
From tardy Time, that may my Hopes destroy,
Eager I'll snatch the Bliss, and ruminate my Joy.

[*Exeunt.*]


ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE *before the Royal Pavilion.*PERDICCAS *and* LYSIMACHUS *meet.*

LYSIMACHUS.

HY was *Perdiccas* absent from the Council,
A Council call'd on such important Cause,
No less than *Alexander's* Life the Subject?
Where, as our *Macedonian* Laws require,
Himself presided, on the dread Tribunal.

PERDICCAS.

To watch those Troops, *Lysimachus*, my Charge,
Which, their much-lov'd *Philotas* late commanded;
Their fav'rite Minion, nay, almost their Idol.
And how they might behave on this Occasion,
Was worthy our most wary, strict Observance.

LYSIMACHUS.

I'm not to learn, or wonder at this Fondness,
For sure, I think, he well deserves it of them.
And yet, I hope, Allegiance to their Master,
Their glorious Prince, suppress'd mistaken Ardour.

PERDICCAS.

Hast thou beheld, when first the Winds arise,
And drive the swelling Billows on to Shore,
Mantling with Foam, the Prelude of a Storm?
Such was their low'ring Look; when from the Ranks
A delegated Captain thus bespoke me.

' *Perdiccas*, you may spare this needless Caution :
 ' All here are *Alexander's* faithful Soldiers;
 ' If that alledg'd, be prov'd, against *Philotas*,
 ' We give him up to Justice and the King.
 ' But let *Craterus*, and the rest, beware,
 ' If they, on rash Surmise, accuse our Chief.
 Then, with a frowning Brow, that scowl'd Defiance,
 Against his Target clank'd his brandish'd Sword.

LYSIMACHUS.

That *Grecian* lives not, who more ardent wishes
 To find him faithful, than do I, *Perdiccas* :
 So much I venerate his well-known Vertues.

PERDICCAS.

What most of Consequence in Council past,
 How urg'd th' Accusers, or he wav'd the Charge,
 I heard not ; —but, from thee, would gladly learn.

LYSIMACHUS.

Succinctly as I can, I shall obey.
Nicomachus, produc'd t'impeach *Philotas*,
 As Stifler of the Plot, so dire in Purport,
Dymnus was call'd ; who first, in secret Trust,
 Had to his Friend reveal'd the dark Design.
 But he, or by Remorse, or Phrenzy seiz'd,
 Struck to the heart by his own desperate Sword,
 Silent, and grim of Look, expir'd before us.

PERDICCAS.

Philotas well might joy in this Event.

LYSIMACHUS.

His Looks or Bearing still betray'd no Change.
 But he, with Aspect clear, and Voice compos'd,
 Challeng'd th' accusing Youth to say, if *Dymnus*,
 As a Conspirator, had mention'd him.
 (In this *Cassander* too, most warmly join'd.)
 Neither, reply'd the Youth ; but yet he said,

That

That Some of highest Station next the King,
And whom I least surmiz'd, were of the number.
But now came on the sad, surprizing Scene,
Which sunk *Philotas*; by *Craterus* usher'd,
Who shew'd some Triumph in the hated Office,
Antigona approach'd, his *Persian* Mistress;
Betray'd the Follies of his revel Hours;
When with intemp'rate Goblets overwarm'd,
And Vanity, yet more than Wine, enflaming,
To idle Boastings he let loose the Reins;
Vaunting his own Exploits above the King's,
Whose Title still with him was — That young Man !

PERDICCAS.

But this is only Circumstance and Words.

LYSIMACHUS.

Yet more she added, — When he left the Camp,
On his late Expedition, he embrac'd her,
And closely straining, on her Bosom whisper'd;
The Time may come, when thou, *Antigona*,
Near, as thou wert, to great *Darius*' Blood,
Shalt bless the happy Hour that made thee mine;
Shalt glory in thy kinder Stars, that rais'd thee
To more exalted Honours in my Arms.

PERDICCAS.

What said he then ?

LYSIMACHUS.

Nought, but, Ungrateful Woman !
'Tis now, *Cleora*, I behold thy Wrongs !

PERDICCAS.

The slight Regard shewn to th' imparted Treason,
I fear most hurt him.

H

LYSI-

LYSIMACHUS.

He confess'd his Weakness ;
 (For so he term'd Concealment of the Plot)
 But urg'd he gave no Credit to the Tale ;
 Deem'd it an idle, ill-concerted Fiction,
 The peevish Quarrel of two wanton Boys :
 Then, pleading strong his Innocence and Truth,
 His well-try'd Faith, and Services in Arms,
 Left to the King his Cause, and wounded Fame.

PERDICCAS.

A more impartial Judge he could not wish,
 When Crimes against his Person were the Charge.

LYSIMACHUS.

The King, or was, or seem'd inclin'd to Favour :
 'Twas then *Craterus* spoke, and with a Warmth,
 That well became a faithful Counsellor,
 Yet in a Foe profess'd were better spar'd,
 Refuted all *Philotas*' vain Defence ;
 With labour'd Rhet'rick, and malignant Reasonings,
 Wrested each Colour up to Proof of Guilt :
 And urg'd, where *Alexander*'s Life depended,
 A bare Suspicion must be constru'd Treason.
 So in the King's behalf, and general Safety,
 Requir'd immediate Justice on the Traytor.
Clitus reply'd, and in pathetic Terms,
 Worthy the good old Man, dissuaded Rigour.

PERDICCAS.

Done like himself ; true to his Friend and Prince.

LYSIMACHUS.

The King retir'd ; *Hephestion* last arose,
 Who, sure, best knew his Master's inmost Thoughts ;
 And in his Name demanded present Judgment :
 The Torture then propos'd : to which the Council
 (No

(No one but *Clitus* offering to oppose)
Condemn'd *Philotas*, and *Cassander* freed.

PERDICCAS.

Alas, unhappy Man ! I pity him :
For all the Cruelties, within the power
Of Malice to invent, he's sure to bear.
But from the King's Pavilion see him guarded
Gods ! how serene, how undisturb'd his Look !
Did Guilt yet ever wear so calm a Visage ?
Let us avoid ; nor whom we can't acquit,
And must not pity, seem t' insult by gazing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILOTAS, CASSANDER, ALCANDER, *Guard.*

CASSANDER.

Yet, yet, *Philotas*, yet a little farther ;
Nay, do not think that I can ever leave thee.
I will attend thee to this Place of Horror ;
There, tho' my Eye-strings crack, behold thy Pains,
Thy noble Suffering, and admire thy Virtue.

PHILOTAS.

Here must we part, my Friend ; that were a Sight,
Not for *Cassander*, but my deadliest Foe.
Craterus and *Hephestion* shall indulge
Their cruel Appetite, and Thirst of Blood ;
Yet shall they rise unsated from the Feast :
What most their Rancour aim'd at, unattain'd.
True to itself, my Soul, I trust, shall prove ;
Threats and Persuasions, Whips, and Racks, and Fires,
Shall lose their force : for could I think my Tongue,
Thro' Fear or Pain, shou'd e'er belye my Heart,
Up by the Roots I'd tear th' unnatural Traytor,
And dash the Coward quivering at my feet.

CASSANDER.

If that it were but to behold thee die,
 (How shall I speak the Word?) it were not hard :
 So well I know thy Constancy of Mind,
 Thy Scorn of Death, and all its empty Terrors.
 'Tis what in Arms we have together fought ;
 'Tis what I wish we had together found.
 Then, greatly falling, had I never known
 This dreadful Hour, and Extasy of Pain.

PHILOTAS.

Oh, had my Country's Custom but prevail'd,
 And *Macedon's* strict Laws my Sentence spoke,
 O'erwhelm'd with Heaps of Stones, (at once my Death,
 And uncouth Monument) I then had lain ;
 Which future Travellers, in my Fate inform'd,
 Shou'd view with Reverence and religious Horror ;
 And, pitying, cry,—Unhappy, injur'd Man !
 For oh ! 'tis certain, had I not oppos'd
 These monstrous Honours, these new Adorations,
 This vain Presumption to be stil'd *Jove's* Son ;
 Had I put on Servility, and bow'd
 My Knee, to idolize this upstart God ;
 This Hour of Shame and Horror ne'er had found me.
 Now must I fall a Victim to his Pride :
 Yet shall I suffer in a glorious Cause ;
 The dangerous Liberty of speaking Truth.

ALCANDER.

My Lord, my Lord, curb your licentious Speech,
 Ill-tim'd and blameful ; and recall your Temper.
 The Torture waits, 'twere better think on that.

PHILOTAS.

Sir, I am counsel'd, and obey in Silence.

CASSANDER.

Ha ! who art thou ? By Heaven, it is *Alcander* !
Abandon'd Caitif ! most unheard-of Villain !
Ungrateful Wretch, whom, scarce an Hour is past,
His Bounty rescu'd from impending Ruin.

ALCANDER.

Whate'er I owe to Lord *Philotas*' Bounty,
Still, as a faithful Servant to my King,
I must not hear his Royal Name traduc'd.

CASSANDER.

Thou ly'st ; Fidelity disclaims thy Service :
Fidelity and Gratitude are one.
Two blended Virtues, which whoe'er divides,
Puzzles his Brain but with a vain Distinction.
The Wretch, whom Gratitude once fails to bind,
To Truth or Honour let him lay no Claim ;
But stand confess'd the Brute disguis'd in Man.
And when we wou'd, with utmost Detestation,
Single some Monster from the Traytor-Herd,
'Tis but to say, Ingratitude's his Crime.

PHILOTAS.

Oh *Clitus* ! see thy Words how verify'd !
“ The Power to give, creates us oft our Foes.

CASSANDER.

I'm glad, howe'er, it was thy Post to guard him ;
Since it betrays a most officious Villain.
Remember, Slave, and blush for this thy Province,
If Sense of Shame be left thee—Did he listen
Indulgent to thy Tale of petty Woes,
And pour'd the Balm of Comfort on thy Heart ?
And is thy Ear so delicate now grown,
In this most bitter, agonizing Hour,
Thou can'st not, patient, hear his Heart's Unloading ?
The

The Purgings of a Soul, o'erpress'd with Woe?
Oh, Villain, Villain!

PHILOTAS.

Peace, my best *Cassander* :
Waste not in vain thy Breath ; he does his Duty,
Which his new Friend *Craterus* shall reward.

CASSANDER.

Together may they find their just Reward !
On this side Hell, Contempt and Hate attend them !
And when some sudden, unexpected Death
Shall seize them, meditating future Wrongs,
And plunge them headlong to those dreary Plains,
There, where their Brother Miscreants howl in Anguish;
The Shades of virtuous Heroes, as they pass,
Shall gaze aloof with Horror of their Baseness.

PHILOTAS.

With those blest Heroes be our better Lot.
With them most sure I meet again *Cassander*.
Orestes there with *Pylades* shall join ;
And all the shining Names for Friendship fam'd,
To form our little, but illustrious Band.

Enter a Messenger, who whispers the Captain.

ALCANDER.

Again I must remind you of your Sentence ;
Prepare, for I am blam'd for these Delays.

PHILOTAS.

Be patient, Sir, I now obey your Summons.
Farewel, *Cassander*, and farewel for ever !
For, oh ! I think, the Gods have scarce bestow'd
On frail Humanity the Power to bear

The

The cruel Torments which my Foes devise,
Yet tho' my Strength fail in the mighty Trial,
And sick'ning Nature sink beneath their Load ;
In this howe'er be confident, no Pains,
No Rack, no Torture, shall extort one Accent
From thy expiring Friend, to shame his Virtue.
Now I'm prepar'd——

CASSANDER.

Yet stay thee, O *Philotas* !
Grant yet to me, if not thyself, short Respite.
Stay, till my bleeding Heart shall burst before thee.
Yet oh ! that, as in Battle thou hast been
My great Defence, my Buckler in the Field,
When the fierce Foe had bore me down to Earth ;
So now, in grateful Turn, I cou'd arise,
And snatch thee from thy Fate with mighty Arm.
But oh ! that cannot be ; and these fond Tears,
This Woman's idle, ineffectual Sorrow,
Are all th' Assistance which thy Friend can give.
Thus the poor Mother of the tuneful Brood,
Which some rapacious Peasant tears away,
With feeble Cries flutters around the Nest,
In vain opposing the Destroyer's Hand.

PHILOTAS.

In vain, most sure ; then leave me to my Fate :
For oh ! this Tenderness unmans my Breast,
And shakes the Resolution of my Soul.
Keep it for poor *Cleora*, she shall want,
When I am gone, thy kindest, warmest Friendship :
Give it to her, and think it paid to me.

CASSANDER.

Hast thou no more in Charge, for this is needless ?
Methinks, the last thou should'st enjoin thy Friend,
Were to revenge thy most inhuman Wrongs.
And this, if now my Soul forebodes aright,

Cassandra

Cassander one day shall exact with Joy,
In ample Retribution to thy Shade.

ALCANDER.

Be sure, my Lord, your Words shall be reported.

CASSANDER.

I heed thee not. Hye thee, and tell *Craterus*.

PHILOTAS.

I'll think thee yet too generous to report [To Alc.
Those Pangs of Grief, and Phrenzy of his Love.
And, oh *Cassander*, when I'm laid in peace, [To Cass.
For thy dear Safety, much priz'd Life, I charge thee,
Forget my Foes, and leave them to the Gods.

CASSANDER.

How has thy wondrous Goodness been abus'd!
Can I forget the *Persian* Traitors?

PHILOTAS.

Her.—

She's but the Instrument of righteous Heaven,
Who chose to punish, in its darker Ways,
Cleora's Wrongs by her from whom they sprung.
Once more farewell.

CASSANDER.

My Tears choke in my Words!

PHILOTAS.

No more of this. Doubt not, thy Friend's prepar'd
To meet his Fate, how'er array'd in Tortures.
Thou God armipotent, tremendous *Mars*!
Behold on Earth thy humble Suppliant kneel.
If from my early Years I still have been
Thy faithful Votary, train'd up to Arms;
Thy glorious Toils still my sublimest Joy:

Oh

Oh, give thy Soldier now to face these Terrors,
Nor wild Amazement wither his strong Heart!
I'm heard; —the God propitious warms my Breast,
And more than Fortitude inspires my Soul. [Exit.

CASSANDER.

A Constancy like this, who e'er beheld?
Yet, sure, thy Tortures shall require it all.

Enter CRATERUS, ANTIGONA, and Guards.

But down, my swelling Spleen; be still, my Rage!
Be calm, my Soul; and oh keep in thy Fire:
Restrain my Arm, that trembles for Revenge.
Infernal Monsters! Whither wou'd you pass?
Go you to brave him in the cruel Scene?
Or, like the ravenous Vultures, hovering round,
Snuff up the noble Carnage from afar?
I dare no longer trust my rising Heart.
Then thank, oh! thank his most unequal'd Goodness:
His last Commands, in which alone you're safe. [Exit.

CRATERUS.

Fear not, *Antigona*, 'tis Phrenzy all;
Vain are his Threats, and impotent his Anger.
His Life, if now I pleas'd, were in my Hand.
Thy Services have made a King thy Friend,
Be in that Name secure. This Guard, however,
To rid thee of all needless Fears, attends.
I take my Leave; be not dismay'd, I say.
Cheer up thy Soul; and beauteous as thou art,
Hope to be happy in a nobler Love. —
I like her Beauties well; and could it be,
He should survive, to him 'twere second Torture,
(However now he may detest her Charms)
To me malignant Pleasure, to enjoy them. [Exit.

ANTIGONA.

A nobler Love! He cannot mean himself!
 That were, indeed, preposterous Exchange.
 A nobler Love! Oh where may that be found?
 A nobler and another are alike;
 Alike impossible for me to know:
 Since Nature's every Charm was his; and all
 The Joys, that Man could give, were in *Philotas*:
 These were his Crimes, and Excellence his Ruin.
 For, oh! could I have born the mighty Loss,
 With Patience seen him in a Rival's Arms;
 Had not my Passion swell'd beyond soft Love,
 Had not my Fondness to Distraction risen,
 I never shou'd—Oh, let me think no farther.—

Enter CLITUS and CLEORA.

Cleora comes. Can I confront her now?
 My Pride would have me; yet successful Guilt
 Dares not behold the Havock it has made.

[*Exit attended.*]

CLEORA.

Talk not of Comfort, Lord; talk to the Waves,
 While o'er the troubled Ocean, bellowing loud,
 The stormy Winds in wild Contention blow;
 And toss the liquid Mountains to the Sky.
 Hush them to peace, and then to me speak Comfort.
 No, *Clitus*, no; it is not thine to give.
 But haste thee with me to the royal Tent,
 Join there with mine thy powerful Intercession:
 Oh learn, for once, to bend thy stubborn Knee,
 To less than *Jove*, to save *Parmenio's* Son.

CLITUS.

Parmenio! Oh most venerable Name!
 Too much already do I fear for thee.

Never

Never to Mortal will old *Clitus* kneel ;
 Yet shall he join thee in thy pious Suit.
 Thine be the Task to move Compassion ; Mine,
 To teach this Maxim, and enforce its Truth ;
 That when the mightiest Monarch wou'd display
 His amplest Rule, and full Extent of Sway ;
 Mercy, the noblest Triumph of the Throne,
 His great Prerogative, shou'd then be shown. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

S C E N E *continues.*

Enter ANTIGONA.

ANTIGONA.



OW rash, how inconsiderate is Rage !
 How wretched, oh, how fatal is our Error,
 When to Revenge precipitate we run !
 Revenge, that still with double Force recoils
 Back on itself, and is its own Revenge.
 While to the short-liv'd, momentary Joy,
 Succeeds a Train of Woes, an Age of Torments.
 What has thy Fury, hapless Woman, done ?
 No more shall Slumber crown thy Nights with Peace,
 No more with grateful Sweets the rising Sun
 Salute thy Eyes, and cheer thy Morning Wake.
 With sad Vicissitude, the glorious God,
 Rising and setting, shall behold thee wretched.

Enter ARSACES unseen.

Thy rest of Life, one Scene of guilty Horror,
Still is it mine to bear, or brave my Doom;
That's Something yet ; yet Death is in my power.

ARSACES.

These are the Pangs of now repented Fury ;
She talk'd of Death ; she not deceives my Hopes :
And her own Hand may give me ample Vengeance.
Yet shall I stab her deeper with my Words.—
Joy to the Princess, that the Traytor's fallen.
Well are thy Wrongs repaid, if this may expiate ;
His Blood in Streams, and most unequal'd Tortures.

ANTIGONA.

Joy to me, *Artaban* ! Mistaken Wretch !
Eternal Misery is in thy Words :
Torment more exquisite than he has known.
Yet speak, oh say, does yet *Philotas* live ?
Has Mercy found him ?

ARSACES.

Such as his worst Foes
Craterus and *Hephestion*, cou'd inflict ;
Such as relenting Tygers shew the Kid :
The King's, too late by *Clitus* brought, at best
Snatch'd him from Death, and stay'd th'unfinish'd
Torture.

ANTIGONA.

Then what have I t'expect from righteous Heav'n ?
I, that with envious Rage traduc'd his Truth,
And wrested his unheeded Words to Treason :
All this from thy pernicious Counsel, Slave !

ARSACES.

What means *Antigona*? So I presume
To call thee now. Thy Slave? Thy Friend; and well
My Birth, my Services, deserve the Title.

ANTIGONA.

What means this Insolence? His boasted Birth,
Vouch'd only by himself—his Services
I well cou'd pass: Perhaps, he's but a Spy;
The Substitute and Engine of *Craterus*.

ARSACES.

Her Pride is mov'd——

ANTIGONA.

Help me, my Sex's Arts,
To shrowd my Griefs, and shew dissembl'd Joy.—
Forgive me, *Artaban*, and oh excuse
A Woman's Frailty: Where she once has lov'd,
Strong is the Passion; and, howe'er suppress'd
In smothering Embers, still the Flame bursts out;
And strives to climb above our just Resentment.
Then boldly speak, and glad me with his Fate.

ARSACES.

This must be Artifice. The Turn's too quick:
I'll try her utmost Constancy of Soul. [aside.
Imagine then a Scene of pompous Horror:
Before his Eyes, in hideous Front arrang'd,
The grizly Torturers, waiting the Command,
Stand each with Instruments of Terror arm'd.
One in Derision shakes the shameful Whip
Of snaky Wires, brandish'd aloft in Air:
While the lung'd Bellows, by another ply'd,
Add Fury to the Flames; the reddening Steel
Intensely glows; there the distended Cords,
Straining the Wheel, with harsh, convulsive Cracks
Express

Express the Torments which his Limbs must know.

ANTIGONA.

Methinks, I feel 'em all.

[*aside.*]

ARSACES.

I'm not deceiv'd.

[*aside.*]

Unchang'd, *Philotas* view'd the various Pomp ;
The Pageantry of Death ; and calmly cry'd,
Why loiter ye, my Friends ? Why does *Craterus*
Delay to torture *Alexander's* Foe ?
The dreadful Sign was given ; an Instant shew'd
His comely Body naked to the View ;
An Instant shew'd it all deform'd with Wounds ;
Distinct with purple Maze of gushing Blood,
That follow'd from the Whip's tormenting Stroke.
I fear, the Tale disturbs you—

ANTIGONA.

No, go on.

ARSACES.

This O'er, a momentary Pause was given ;
And he exhorted to confess his Crimes :
At which, when he with Indignation scoff'd,
The dreadful Rack, with all its wrestling Pains,
A sad Alternative of Woe, succeeds.
Pull, pull, *Craterus* cries ; the Slaves obey :
Then think his Nerves unbrac'd, his Limbs disjointed.
Again they pause, again the Question put ;
Again, with Heart undaunted, he reply'd,
Cease, cease your trifling, and begin your Tortures.

ANTIGONA.

Can I still live to bear the dire Description !

ARSACES.

Astonish'd, and appall'd, the Torturers stand ;

Or

Or he was more than Man, or sure the Sense
Of Honour left him not the Sense of Pain.
Next, Fire must do its part. The pointed Steel,
Red with uncommon Heat, now gores his Sides:
And smoaks, and hisses in the shrivell'd Flesh.
With stifled Pangs, his manly Bosom swells;
Then, and then only, was he heard to sigh;
That Sigh, but this, — Cruel *Antigona*!

ANTIGONA.

Oh! I can hear no more. Distraction, Horror,
Possess me whole; take, Villain, thy Reward.
Hye thee to Hell, and finish there thy Tale:

[*Stabs him.*

Thou, and not I, curst Author of his Woes.
Why to thy fatal Counsel did I lend
Too ready Ear? What Fiend excited thee,
In the wild Conflict of contending Passions,
While Fear, while Love, Resentment and Disdain,
Wage'd in my troubl'd Soul a medly War,
To lead me blinded in the Whirl of Thought;
Then, dash me headlong to the last Despair?

ARSACES.

Too deeply has thy Dagger's Point ta'en place,
For a long needless Tale; and I forgive
This, thy last, kindest Wrong. — A deadly Sleep
Hangs on my Eyes; yet e'er they close for ever,
Take back this Jewel, thy once cherish'd Gift,
Now Falshood-stain'd; and in this abject Garb
See, at thy Feet, most injur'd of his Sex,
Yet once, I think, thy lov'd *Arsaces* die.

[*Dies.*

ANTIGONA.

Arsaces! Ha! what means the fatal Word!
Arsaces! No, long since the hapless Youth
Fell in my Rescue, such he hope'd his Aid.
But, yet my conscious Soul starts at this Gem,

Given

Given to *Arfaces*, when I swore firm Love:
 And my foreboding Heart, that still has known
 A secret Check, when *Artaban* was nigh,
 Trembles with Horror at the dreadful Thought:
 His Voice, his graceful Form, confirm me now;
 It must be he. — Perdition to my Soul!
 O execrable Murtherers! Wretch accurst!
 This, this alone, was wanting to compleat
 Of Woes and Crimes thy complicated Lot.
 Now is thy Measure full. The fabled Plagues,
 Wheel, Stone, and Vultur of the *Grecian Hell*,
 Match not the Tortures that I feel within:
 Or my Brain turns, or I'm already there.
 The gloomy Horrors of the Place arise
 Thick on my Soul, and realize apace.
 See, the grim *Cerberus*, crouching, shuns my sight;
 And owns a blacker Shade than e'er he saw.
 The triple Furies curl their vengeful Snakes,
 Their baneful Eyes shoot terrible Dismay;
 They pull, they tear me, to the dreadful Bar:
 In horrid Pomp, th' infernal Judges sit;
Philotas there, a mangled Heap of Woe:
 There too *Arfaces*, recent from the Stab,
 His Blood still bubbling from the fatal Wound,
 Forbids all Mercy, and prevents my Prayers.
 Down! sink me low, and dark Oblivion shroud me!
[throws herself down:]
 Ha, whither am I fallen! A bleeding Corse!
 Then I am still on Earth, and still a Slave.
 Here's to be free. [offers to stab herself.]

Enter PERDICCAS and Guards.

PERDICCAS.

Fly, seize, disarm her quick.
 A well-prevented Blow. — *Antigona*,
 What does this Rage portend? Alas, *Philotas*,
 Unhappy Brave, too much I fear, thou'rt wrong'd.

ANTI-

ANTIGONA.

Who talks of Wrongs? Now by yon Sun I swear,
Our glorious God, 'tis I that most am wrong'd:
Wrong'd by my Fate, *Philotas* and *Arfaces*.

PERDICCAS.

Surely she raves. Who can *Arfaces* be?

ANTIGONA.

Behold him there, low grov'ling on the Ground,
Welt'ring in Blood, shed by this cruel Hand!
A *Persian* Prince, and of the noblest Race.

PERDICCAS.

You talk in Riddles.

ANTIGONA.

Riddles be they still!
So wou'd I wish; while Shame choaks up the rest.

PERDICCAS.

He seem'd thy favourite late, thy trusted Slave.

ANTIGONA.

By Fate's Caprice, too certain was he both;
Love gave him the first Title, War the last.

PERDICCAS.

What then provok'd thee to so rash a Deed?

ANTIGONA.

That thou art still to learn; a Tale of Horror;
Fit only for the Fiends to hear and punish.

PERDICCAS.

Too much thy Phrenzy, and that Tale of Horror,
I fear, import *Philotas* in his Fate.
Convey her hence; it is the King's Command:

K

And

And see she act no Violence on herself.

ANTIGONA.

Convey me wheresoe'er thy King shall please ;
But let the Way be short, and lead to Death ;
There blest, if so I cease to be unhappy.

[*Exit guarded.*]

PERDICCAS.

She's deeply griev'd; but whence that Grief may spring,
Time only can explain. Bear hence the Body.
See it secur'd; and at some cooler Moment,
Confronted to her View, the startling Object
May wake her Conscience to disclose what hid
Strikes us with Doubt, and her with fell Remorse.
Craterus, from his Posts and Power dismiss'd,
Disgrac'd and censur'd, to his Tent confin'd,
For Rigour so precipitate and cruel,
Can dictate to her Tongue no new Impeachments:
Nor tempt her to conceal in what bad Purpose
Sh'as been his Instrument of latent Malice.

Enter CLITUS and CLEORA.

But lo! the vertuous, sad *Cleora* comes,
A rare Example of Connubial Truth;
Tho' deeply wrong'd, unwavering still in Love.

CLEORA.

Inhuman, barbarous, most insatiate Monster!
Savage, beyond Man's Nature! Fiend *Craterus*!
From thee, thy Sister Furies shall derive
New Arts of Pain, unpractis'd yet in Hell;
And, imitating well, confers thee still
Superior Genius, in unrival'd Malice:
Imperfect Copies they, and thou their mighty Master.

CLITUS.

Princess, tho' just thy Grievs, these raging Transports
Unprofitably tear thy tender Breast.

No

No more think on a Wretch, whom Men already
Hold strong in Hate; on whose devoted Head
Avenging Heaven shall give thee ample Justice.
Let me persuade thee rather to recall
Thy wandring Spirits home to Peace and Calmness.

CLEORA.

Rather the Heralds of our wayward Fate,
Still let them range abroad, and loud proclaim,
Thro' all the *Grecian* Host, *Craterus*' Guilt;
Philotas' Wrongs, and unexampl'd Sufferings.
Cou'd I forget his Woes, I might forego my Rage.

CLITUS.

Oh! that You cou'd; — but the Desire were vain.

CLEORA.

Fruitless alike, and vain is thy Advice.
I was not form'd, like my lov'd Lord, to bear
Inhuman Cruelties, without a Groan:
This was not given to Woman, scarce to Man.
I'm not *Philotas*, but his wretched Wife.

PERDICCAS.

Too much, already, has *Philotas* suffer'd:
O spare him, Fair One, in the tenderer Part.
Nay, frown not, Princess; thy Disdain is pointed
On him, who merits not that angry Brow.
I was not of the Council: Had I been,
And Honour prompted to pronounce him Guilty,
Death, and not Torture, should have been my Sentence.

CLEORA.

Thou speak'st the gallant Man. Oh! had, like thee,
By Fear unprejudic'd, his Judges met;
By present, or more distant Views unsway'd;
Silent, I cou'd have wept *Philotas* lost,
And pay'd a Widow's Rites, without this Horror.

CLITUS.

Still dost thou strive t'anticipate thy Pain.

CLEORA.

I am not, as thou art, old Man, his Friend;
Too cold that Name, in which thy Sex is study'd
To temper Rage with philosophic Virtue;
And Resignation call the Test of Love.
Passion in us disdains the Tye of Precept.
Nor can we reason down our swelling Grievs.
'Tis Man's exalted Privilege, to boast
His Nature methodiz'd away in Art.

CLITUS.

I wish some Portion of that Art were thine:
For now the Tryal of thy Strength approaches.

PHILOTAS *brought in, attended by* CASSANDER.

CLEORA.

Heart-piercing Sight! Alas, alas, *Philotas*,
Oh! do I live to see this cruel Hour!
When, to behold thee is my greatest Woe.
When, tend'rest Passion, thus at distance keeps me,
Forbids to clasp thee with the Folds of Love;
Left a kind Touch, more cruel than thy Foes,
Crush thy poor Bosom with too rude Embrace.

PHILOTAS.

These Strains of melting Fondness be no more,
For I must leave thee, Love.—Live long and happy;
Forget *Philotas*, and forget thy Wrongs.
But if thy softer Nature shall enforce
My Memory, in thy Grief, to live a-while,
Make thy Tears Balm: *Parmenio* be thy Care:
My Father will demand thy utmost Comforts.
Cassandra, thou too join to cheer his Age;
Clitus and he walk hand in hand with Time,

And both, like mellow Fruit, may drop together :
Sickness and Pain now soon shall end this Struggle.

CLITUS.

Lift up thy Heart ; wherefore now droops thy Soul ?
The Conflict past, and Victory thy own.
Take now the Palm that Victory well deserves,
So justly thine, by more than human Daring.
If that thy Royal Master weeps thy Sufferings,
If that in Heart he hold thee clear from Crime,
Can be Atonement ; raise thee to new Life,
To Grace restor'd, and large Encrease of Honours.

PHILOTAS.

This to thy Tongue thy Heart can never dictate :
Thou would'st not wish me such an abject Wretch,
A Slave so grov'ling, to survive the Torture ;
The Rack's Indignity, the Shame of Whips :
The Whip ! Oh, think of that ! Then wish me live.
The little Blood its cruel Stripes have left,
Chill in my Veins, fires feebly at the Thought :
I see thou would'st not. Yet were I so base,
So lost to Honour, and so bow'd to Shame ;
My Foes, tho' cruel, merciful in this,
Have kindly freed me from a Hope so mean.
For sure, I think, the Pains of Death are on me,
My Heart sinks down, Convulsions shake my Breast,
A shuddering Damp creeps cold along my Veins,
And thick'ning Mists o'ercloud my swimming Eyes.
Welcome, thou all-redressing Power, oh welcome !
Thee in the Field of Glory have I sought,
And there, well pleas'd, cou'd have resign'd my Breath ;
More welcome now, to rid me of Dishonour. [*Dies.*

CLEORA.

He dies ; the sacred Spirit has ta'en its flight,
E'er I cou'd tell him how my Widow's Cries
Shou'd pierce relenting *Alexander's* Ear,
And draw strict Vengeance on our savage Foes :
E'er I cou'd sooth him with a pious Vow,

To

To hoard his Mem'ry in my bleeding Heart,
 And be a faithful Turtle in my Griefs;
 To feed on Sorrow, till the subtle Poison
 Shall crack the Cords of Life, and join me to him.

CLITUS.

You must resign. The Powers, that guide Man's Doom,
 Hold on their Course, and mock at our Impatience.
Philotas dead; his Name survive thy Comfort!
 Live still the Wife, and wed thee to his Honours.

CASSANDER.

If with intrepid Heart to lead the Troops,
 And with his great Example fire their Souls,
 To Scorn of Danger, and Pursuits of Glory;
 To tempt the rapid Flood, then force his Way
 Up its steep Banks, cover'd with fierce Barbarians;
 (Such at the *Granic* Stream in Arms he shone)
 If, after Conquest, to divide the Spoils,
 With open, bounteous, and impartial Hand,
 Himself the Last that knew the Fruits of Conquest;
 If with discerning Eyes to single Merit,
 Self-recommended, not by powerful Friends;
 If to be just to all, the meanest *Greek*
 By him esteem'd a Brother of the War:
 If these are Virtues that adorn a Man,
 And these the Talents that compleat a Leader,
 In the first Rank of Worthies shall he stand,
 A shining Pattern to successive Heroes.

CLITUS.

'Tis truly said; yet how shall we, *Cassander*,
 His various Character enough lament?
 His most rare Virtues, with unhappy Failures;
 Crimes, not of Choice, but Nature's generous Errors:
 The too luxuriant Branches from a Stem
 Set in too rich a Soil, warm'd by too near a Sun!
 This must we own; while to hereafter Times,
 Too faithfully recording, Fame shall tell,
Philotas by unguarded Passions fell.

F I N I S,



EPILOGUE.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

IF Folks will write such Plays, & our Faults
arraigning,
In good Old English, that needs no explaining;
I shall not be surpris'd to see the Fair
To soft Italian Scenes in Crowds repair;
Charm'd by a warbling, strutting, Ape of Men,
A feather'd, two-legg'd Thing—that's neither Cock, nor
Hen.

What hints we may be wrong, we ne'er commend;
But what we understand not—can't offend.

Our Bard, as is the Custom, bid me say
Something in Vindication of his Play;
And on the Moral make some fine Reflections:
I'll fit him—for I'll tell you my Objections.

Hang up his Morals! —'tis a Stoick Bard—
You'll say his Head—I'm sure, his Heart is hard.
What Havock's here? —What Scenes of ruin'd Blifs! —
—Only because Philotas kept a Miss.
Messieurs the Beaux, pray what are your Emotions?
—Are not these awkward, antiquated Notions?

Well!

EPILOGUE.

*Well! if this Story's true, the Time has been,
(Thank Heaven, 'tis past tho') when Intrigue was Sin.
But these were Heathen Folks——and so the Fact is,
That their Opinion governs not your Practice.
Now all Men keep, for Pleasure, or for Passion,
Some for the Joke——and others for the Fashion.
Some keep for Reasons, others keep for none;
Some for themselves, and others——for the Town.
Each to his Power, Conveniency, or Taste;
Cits keep their Wenchs privately solace'd;
Wits keep them poor——Beaux often keep them—chaste. }*

*CLEORA's Wrongs, our Bard says, prove him tender;
And hopes, at least, the Ladies will befriend her.
A Fiddle on her Wrongs! ——fond, jealous Elf!
Could not the silly Woman——help herself?
Must she look on, and wait her Husband's serving?
——Every good Housewife——should be bred to Carving.*

*But hold! ——methinks, that Hint is in his Favour
He binds down Husbands to their good Behaviour.——
That was the luckiest Thought his Muse e'er gave him;
What say you, Ladies? ——Shall that Merit save him?
Boldly that Wit may claim the Aid of Beauty,
That teaches Men their Matrimonial Duty.*



John

